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The Nation

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The Nation

Vol. CVII

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1918

No. 2774

The Week

THE week's war news continues astonishingly gratifying—astonishing in the steady progress of the Allied forces, the inability of the Germans to stop a single advance, the vigor and success of the assaults of the Third and Fourth British Armies, the mounting evidence that if the Allies are not speedily checked a widespread German retirement must take place, and the complete loss of the initiative by Ludendorff. To set forth in detail the extent of the amazing change which has taken place since the 18th of July would take pages of the *Nation*. Instead, we must limit ourselves to recounting the stunning capture of such strategic points between the Oise and Arras as Lassigny, Bray, Albert, Thiepval, and Bapaume, whose outskirts have been reached at this writing, and recording the fact that north-east of Bapaume the British have practically reached the Hindenburg line. The enemy has thus lost nearly all the ground gained here since the 21st of March. If it is pointed out that at least they are no worse off now than a year ago, the proper reply is that their loss in prestige and in home *morale* gives to this setback vastly more importance than can possibly be measured by the actual territorial advance. That at its maximum hardly exceeds twenty-five miles; but those twenty-five miles have spelled all the difference between a boastful conqueror and a checked and humbled adversary, whose losses alone now net well over 100,000 prisoners, to say nothing of supplies. Every day the French and British are reporting from 1,000 to 5,000 prisoners. This, if continued for some weeks more, must spell serious enemy demoralization.

A MEASURE both of the difficulty and of the steady success of the several advances may be obtained by recalling that Montdidier fell into the hands of the Allies on August 10, but that Roye, eleven miles beyond, at this writing remains in German hands; that Lassigny, whose outskirts were reached on August 12, fell only on August 21 after five days of intensest battling; that Albert, under fire from the beginning of the new British offensive, did not surrender until August 22, when 1,200 prisoners were taken with it. From Bapaume in a northeasterly direction, however, the advance has been rapid, and the British are in Bullecourt, fourteen miles due west of Cambrai, scene of such great hopes and bitter disappointments. If this position is held, it is plain that the Germans must fall back to the line of Bullecourt-Peronne-Vesle-Noyon in order to straighten a badly bent front. This is what the present week should hold in store for us. Between Soissons and Noyon the progress has not been so dramatic, though it is steady, the French having gained all the important roads from Noyon to Coucy-le-Château. If there is much further gain there, Noyon itself will be in danger. Here, too, the "balance of effective power," as the experts term it, rests with the Allies, and, best of all, Foch and Haig seem bent on striking one blow after the other as long as the fighting season lasts.

THE news from Russia, and particularly from Siberia, is of the most contradictory character, and the press dispatches suggest the same combination of rigid censorship and propaganda which from the beginning has impaired the value of European war news. Enough leaks through, however, to indicate that the Allied military operations are not going very well, and that the whole affair may possibly turn out to be another Gallipoli. The welcome which is reported to have been given to the invading troops seems to have been purely local, and there is no sufficient evidence as yet that the Bolshevik power is about to collapse, or that the Soviets are likely to ally themselves with the invaders, or that the Russian people as a whole look upon the Allied operations with anything save suspicion. On the other hand, indications multiply that the Bolsheviks are mobilizing their forces, and that they do not intend to submit to foreign rule without a struggle. It is reported that in one engagement near Vladivostok the Bolsheviks have been successful, while at other points successes appear to have been won by the Allies. The real aims of the United States and the Allies, too, are not yet wholly clear, especially in the matter of economic help. Rumor at Washington has it that, in addition to an economic or industrial commission, some sort of a trading corporation is to be formed, with the United States as the principal stockholder, for the purpose of opening trade with accessible points in Siberia and European Russia and supplying the people with the necessities of life. Whatever the plan, however, it is now clear that nothing important in the way of economic rehabilitation can be accomplished before next spring, and that in the meantime some millions of people in European Russia, cut off as they are from the food supplies of Siberia by the breakdown of railway transportation, will probably starve to death. The American Red Cross, we are glad to see, has at last begun its ministrations at Vladivostok.

THE National Executive Committee of the Socialist party has put out a resolution on Russia, commending the Soviet Government for its ideals of economic freedom, and calling attention to the historical parallel of the French people, a century and a quarter ago, who found all nations turned against them because of their ideals of political freedom. The resolution is singularly temperate, and free from the doctrinaire quality which seems almost inseparable from official Socialism. It specifies imperialism as the worst enemy of democratic Russia, and traces what it considers to be the sinister course of both German and Allied imperialist interests towards the Soviets. The Committee also publishes a separate plea for Finland, where an elected Socialist Government has been overthrown by invading German forces in alliance with the Finnish capitalists, and a German prince invited to ascend the throne. Self-determination in Finland certainly seems to be in an uncommonly bad way. The Committee justly remarks that the cause of the Finns has been misrepresented, their struggle against German autocracy ignored, and the White Guard wrongly extolled by the press in Allied countries as defenders of civilization. It is by no means clear why this

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should be the case. Self-interest, as well as politics, makes strange bedfellows; and yet it is a monstrous thing to suppose that the Allied Governments should deliberately prefer German ascendancy in Finland to the continuance there of a Socialist Government. The Committee itself offers no interpretation of the facts, but merely calls on all interested in democracy to help the Finns recover their liberties.

SWEDEN has at last yielded to the inevitable and agreed to a treaty with the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy under which her industries will be allowed to continue and her people will be kept from starving. By the terms of the treaty, an abstract of whose provisions was made public on August 22, Sweden agrees to put at the disposal of the Allies some 400,000 deadweight tons of shipping, one-half for service within the war zone and the other half for service in neutral waters only. This is practically the entire available tonnage of Sweden, only enough being reserved to transport to Sweden "imports of vital necessity." In addition, the Allies and the United States will receive 2,000,000 tons of Swedish iron ore, to be divided equally among the four Powers. Sweden further agrees to license the exportation to Allied countries of wood pulp, paper, iron, and steel. In return for these concessions, it will be allowed to import from the Allied countries and South America limited quantities of certain specified commodities, including food, under a guarantee that no such articles shall be exported to any country with which the Allies are at war, and that the exportation from Sweden of food and many other commodities shall be absolutely prohibited. The treaty is of a piece with the drastic conditions which the United States and the Allies have imposed upon other neutrals, and adds another to the long list of measures which have reduced neutral rights to a shadow. Incidentally, the treaty, which was concluded on May 29, affords a further example of the secret diplomacy which Mr. Wilson has condemned, but which the United States along with other Governments continues to practice.

THE news from Japan has subsided suspiciously, as if the censorship were again extremely rigid. It appears, however, that rioting has been suppressed in the large cities, though it is spreading to remote towns and villages. The Mikado has hurried back to Tokio, where there has been a gathering of leading statesmen and politicians. The prediction is freely made that the Cabinet will resign as soon as the disturbances are put down. Will they be put down? That is the question which may not be answered for some time. But it appears to be a fact that what we have been witnessing in Japan is revolution, or something so nearly approaching revolution as to be almost indistinguishable from it. Nor is it correct to say that these are merely rice riots; when people are on the verge of starvation, revolution is more likely. If our information is correct, there are deeper causes than this at the present moment, the chief of them being the Japanese Siberian expedition, together with general restlessness produced by high prices and war conditions. This much is admitted by prominent Japanese in New York. If the army remains loyal, the revolution will be abortive; but if the army begins to be affected by the approach of what the Associated Press dispatches term the "impending grave domestic crisis," we may see a parallel to happenings in Russia. At any rate, such scraps of news will be eagerly read during the next few weeks.

WE read with regret that the United States Government has joined Great Britain in a diplomatic protest against the Mexican oil decree. According to the doctrine explicitly formulated by Jefferson, the natural resources of a country belong to its people. No principle of democracy that we are acquainted with permits any other assumption in the case of Mexico. The Dictator Diaz stole these resources and distributed the loot among foreign concessionaires, to his own profit and the profit of his associates and friends. In the revolution, the Mexican people effectively reasserted their right to the recovery of stolen goods, and the tax is a measure to that end. Under these circumstances, it seems a great pity that the equity of the concessionaires should not be made the subject of international arbitration. The method of the protesting Governments savors unpleasantly of the traditional heavy-handed policy of a strong nation towards a weaker one. What could be more impressive and reassuring than a meeting of the Hague Tribunal, formally convened in the midst of a world war to adjudicate a difference of opinion between two great and powerful nations and a small and weak one? Mexico has put Jefferson's doctrine of public property into her new Constitution, and thereby, like the Soviet Government in Russia, has turned against her every imperialist hand in the world. She should be encouraged to get rid of her concessionaires—with justice, of course, and due regard to the terms of existing international law—yet nevertheless firmly to get rid of them. If we refuse this encouragement, it will be hard to make Mexico believe that we are not talking democracy while acting Palmerstonism; and the most effective encouragement we could give would be to use our influence towards arbitration.

WHILE the War Labor Policies Board has been keeping down strikes in this country by the comparatively simple device of recognizing the unions and granting the demands for higher wages and easier working conditions, Canada has been torn during the past few weeks by serious and widespread labor disturbances. A strike of the postal employees, particularly severe in Manitoba and other Western provinces, demoralized the service and in some places put a stop for days at a time to local mail delivery. Winnipeg is reported to have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a body of citizens entering the post office and distributing the mail. The open sympathy which was shown in this case with the striking employees by large numbers of returned soldiers, many of whom are hostile to the Borden Government, gave to the strike a suggestive political significance. Vancouver also has had to contend with striking and rioting, following the killing of a labor organizer who was charged with resisting the draft. On the other hand, a threatened strike of railway employees has been settled by an agreement to refer future differences to the Railway Labor Board for arbitration. The aggressive temper of Canadian labor appears to be due in considerable measure to the widespread opposition to conscription, and, back of that, to dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war and the generally depressed state of industry. It does not appear, however, that the Government is in danger. It is reported that Premier Borden, who has just returned from the Imperial War Conference at London, developed at the conference an unexpected lukewarmness regarding imperialism, and came out strongly for an independent Canadian army administration and the recognition of a Canadian air

force. This, if true, is likely to assure the Government the support of many Liberals and even of the Nationalists.

THE choice of Henry Cabot Lodge as Republican leader in the Senate is eminently fit. He represents precisely the state of mind to which the party as a whole has descended since the death of the Progressive movement within its ranks. He has no vision or programme for the future any more than has the party, as evidenced by all the recent official party utterances. He merely looks forward to the re-establishment of the old world-system, save that the Prussian Junkers are to be crushed while all other Junkers are to be restored or confirmed in power. He would have the old militaristic system intensified at the close of the war by committing the United States to the Prussian-devised scheme of universal service, and a navy so large as to arouse the anxiety and distrust of England; all this subject only to the qualification that he assents to a league of nations, though with or without the Central Powers we are unable to say. Mr. Lodge has just given further proof of the fitness of his selection by a most conventional, "bitter-ender" speech on Friday, in which he took the familiar standpat position of a peace dictated in Berlin and involving the re-making of the map of Europe according to the desires of the extreme militarists in the Allied camp. An amusing feature was his denunciation of Lord Lansdowne as a "semi-pacifist"—Lansdowne, who, save for his desire for peace before his ancestral acres go down in the wreck of all Europe, is as complete a British replica of the Lodge mind as it is possible to find in England. Why is it that the statesmen of this type at home crave this kind of peace—which inevitably means intolerable tax burdens and future wars—while we have yet to hear of a single soldier of importance from the front demanding it?

WITHOUT being an enthusiastic admirer of Senator Norris, of Nebraska, we have read with satisfaction of his renomination. He was one of the men denounced by President Wilson as the "wilful twelve" because they would not vote and act in the crisis leading up to the war precisely as he wished. Congress was to have been merely a machine to register his will before the declaration of war, as it has been ever since. Such a principle is absolutely vicious. It is bad enough to insist that after the declaration of war all opposition, particularly the kind of useful opposition indulged in by Bright and Cobden in the Crimean War and by David Lloyd George and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the Boer War, should cease. But to attempt to punish men for conscientious views held prior to the war seems to us the height of intolerance. Fortunately, the President did not interfere in the Nebraska primary, but the opposition to Norris in Nebraska nevertheless centred upon the fact that he was one of the "wilful twelve." We are glad to record that the Nebraska vote, if it means anything, means that a man's right to say what he honestly thinks in Congress, whether the President likes it or not, has been upheld.

ON October 29 next the London Musicians' Company will confer its honorary freedom on Major J. MacKenzie Rogan, the musical director of the Coldstream Guards Band, "in recognition of his fifty years' service in the British army and his valuable work in the cause of military music." When it is remembered that the roll upon which Major Rogan's name will be inscribed now bears the names

of Hubert Parry, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Ernest Palmer, Landon Ronald, and C. V. Stanford, it is plainly an honor of which any musician might be proud. Major Rogan joined the band of the Devonshire Regiment at fifteen years of age and ever since has been in the service. Made a member of the Royal Academy of Music in 1907, he has also received the degree of doctor of music from the University of Toronto, being the first bandmaster in England to receive such an honor. In this country we have no parallel to his career, despite the popular vogue of John Philip Sousa and Patrick Gilmore. The truth is that before the war the regimental bands of our regular army were inferior in numbers and quality, and the duty of keeping up the standard of brass orchestras has always fallen to militia bands or private organizations.

FORTUNATELY, there is every promise that out of the experience of our troops abroad, a different state of affairs will come to pass. It has already been planned to have French band-leaders and players serve as instructors to Americans. Commissions for bandmasters having at last been authorized, a series of examinations has been conducted in Paris of the two hundred leaders of American bands, Walter Damrosch heading the examining board. As was to be expected, a great majority of the leaders were found to be lacking both in technique and experience, with the result that provision has been made for a real training school in France for American military musicians. That this should be possible when the war crisis is so serious is clear proof of the value set upon the military band, even in this modern warfare when it is relegated far to the rear, for it can no longer "play" a regiment up to the firing line or cheer it on as it faces the enemy. Yet General Pershing is represented as enthusiastically in favor of developing our military music simultaneously with the training of the line troops for trench and field. In the last analysis, of course, success will depend upon the attitude of Congress. The bands, which formerly consisted of only twenty-four men, now have forty-eight; the commissioning of the leaders will help, too. But we have still a long way to go if our bands are to rival those of France or Germany, or if leaders are to be developed worthy of some of the distinctions conferred upon Major Rogan.

WHAT New York has been enduring these last three weeks through the mismanagement of its subway, few persons outside the city can appreciate. An enormously costly system has just been put into service, only to break down promptly and completely. There is no communication between the east and west-side tunnels, and everything is confusion. The great underground station at the Grand Central Terminal, with its half-dozen platforms, its up and down stairs, and its bewildering passageways, is for the time being as hopelessly blind a human warren as was ever constructed. While 35,000 fewer people are travelling daily than before the new system was inaugurated, the crowding and pushing are beyond belief. Men of the strongest physique are swept off their feet in the rush as if they were merely straws on the surface of a mighty river. There are fewer trains running than ever; for this the excuse is the drawing of men away for war purposes. But why that should reduce the crews so markedly just at this particular moment is hard to explain, particularly when hundreds of additional women are being employed every week.

The New Political Issues

SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, who has been in France on some sort of Government business, gave out a breakfast-table interview last week to an American newspaper correspondent on the things that might be expected to happen in American politics during the next two years. According to Senator Lewis, there will be three "big issues" before the country in 1920. The first and biggest will be the question of foreign alliances. When the war is over and peace has come, the United States will have to decide whether it will enter into formal alliances, offensive or defensive, with other nations, or whether it will continue its historical policy of freedom and independence, cooperating indeed with other Governments when occasion warrants, but retaining always a free hand. The other issues will be domestic: one, the question of continuing the present war-time system of Government insurance; the other, the continuance and extension of Government ownership or control of industries of various kinds.

Senator Lewis's comments upon the political issues which he sees emerging are valuable. The present Republican and Democratic parties, as he views them, are dead. Their names perhaps will survive, but on the new questions of national politics neither party will nor can have anything to say that the voters will wish to hear. On the question of foreign policy he foresees a sectional division. New England and the South—a curious alignment when one remembers the long years of political antagonism—will, he thinks, favor strong and permanent alliances, while the West will oppose them. The attitude of the West, apparently, will be determined by its foreign-born population, reinforced as that will be by renewed immigration after the war, the various racial elements of which will not care to see the United States allied with countries from which they themselves have happily escaped or to which they may, in the course of the war, have been opposed. No racial group, in other words, will wish to see its fatherland discriminated against by American foreign policy. On the two domestic issues of Government insurance and Government control, the determining voice will be that of the farmers, whose profits from the war are regarded by them as small in comparison with those of the industrial classes, and whose influence is henceforth to count as never before.

The Senator from Illinois, whatever his peculiarities in other respects, is an acute observer, and has long been supposed to enjoy the special confidence of the President. Whether his breakfast-table forecast is, on this latter account, to be taken as an indication of what Mr. Wilson himself is thinking, is at least an interesting speculation. The fact that Senator Lewis assured his interviewer that, in his opinion, the war would be over before the Presidential campaign, and that, if it was, the question of a third term would by no possibility arise, does not make it any less certain that Mr. Wilson, whatever the world situation in 1920, may have a great deal to do with the formulation of issues and the selection of party candidates. Be that as it may, we are inclined to eliminate the President altogether from the discussion for the moment, and to credit Senator Lewis with having made a pretty accurate prediction regarding two, at least, of the lines along which American politics are likely to run. The question of insurance is not, we think, very important. The personal insurance of soldiers and sailors

will, of course, go on as long as there are soldiers and sailors to claim its benefits. War-risk insurance of ships and their cargoes, on the other hand, is hardly a separable proposition, but is bound up with the general question of Government ownership or control. It is this latter question, together with that of foreign policy, which forms the substantive part of Senator Lewis's prophecy.

How momentous are the changes in our political thinking which a discussion of these issues may possibly involve grows clearer with every passing day. Thus far we have kept ourselves from formal alliances with any nation. Technically and legally, so far as the public knows, we are beholden to no one. In reality, however, the case is quite different. Our active coöperation with the great group of nations which are fighting Germany binds us not only to a large measure of agreement and common action upon the issues over which the war is being fought, but also to a continuance of such accord during the period in which the results of the war are being ordered and made sure. We cannot join with more than half the world in compassing the defeat of autocracy and militarism and then withdraw when autocracy and militarism have laid down their arms and signed a treaty of peace. More than that, we have championed the idea of a league of nations, the very essence of which is the union and subordination of an individualistic nationalism to a common world good. Whether or not the United States shall contract formal alliances is, accordingly, only a particular and rather narrow aspect of the larger question of whether the United States shall continue after the war to coöperate with its sister nations in furthering world happiness and peace. If on this question New England and the South are to be pitted against the West, the outlook for party strife is certainly spacious.

The continuance of Governmental control of industry, on the other hand, opens wide the doors of social change. It means the ultimate abandonment, if only by degrees, of the individualistic conception of wealth, capital, labor, and general economic life on which our civilization has in the main been built. Whatever political or party name the programme may bear, the situation itself will be one which everywhere magnifies the state, subordinates the individual, and orders daily life for common national aims. It is this conception of the state as a society in which every man lives for others rather than himself, with Government determining what every man may best do, that the war is opening wide before us. It may be true, as Senator Lewis predicts, that the voice of the farmer will be the voice most clearly heard. We venture to think, however, that the determining influence in the national decision will be that of labor; not the labor of the industrialists alone, as is so often implied in the narrow usage of the term, but of the great farmer class and the intellectual workers as well. It is the union of all producers, whatever the nature of the thing which they produce, which will have its way in the construction of the new American society. We are not at all sure that the American electorate will rush headlong into anything so fundamental or so grave, but that the issue is before them, and that parties must declare themselves regarding it, no one may doubt. If, as Senator Lewis thinks, neither Republicans nor Democrats can henceforth speak with a clear voice on these new issues, a new party will arise to claim the leadership. Not for a generation has the opportunity for party leadership, based upon new and living issues rather than upon old and dead ones, been so great.

The Labor Shortage

THE Department of Labor announces that a shortage of labor in war industries is gravely curtailing the production of needed supplies, and that unless the difficulty is quickly remedied there will be a serious lack of equipment for the army under the new programme. So far we can follow; but when the Department adds that this shortage "is now estimated at nearly one million men," we would like to know the data upon which the estimate is based. We have high regard for the Department and the highest respect for its intentions and ideals, and we do not mean to voice either unkind or captious criticism in expressing doubt as to whether the Department has any sufficient data, or is equipped to make proper use of them if it has. We agree that a serious shortage, or, rather, the practical equivalent of a shortage, actually exists. What we doubt is whether the Department has indulged in anything more than guesswork in fixing the shortage at the figure which it has announced.

So far as we know, no data exist for determining the current shortage of labor even in a single general industry; not even in the anthracite industry, confined as that mainly is to the small area of four counties in one State. There, with a complete absence of standardized statistical methods or an assured body of statistics, the public has seen a disagreement which, under other circumstances, would be farcical, going on for months between the operators and the miners over this very question of the existence of an actual net shortage of labor. Mr. Schwab is quoted as saying that in one district on the Pacific Coast there is a shortage of 15,000 men. Is he speaking in terms of production or merely transferring totals from a set of pay-rolls? If the former, where does he get the data for his estimate? Granted the fact of a shortage, we nevertheless doubt if Mr. Schwab knows or can know whether it amounts in fact to 15,000. For the same reason, we are unable to believe that the Department of Labor knows or can know whether the general shortage which it announces amounts to nearly one million or to any other figure. The Department may easily know that the country is short a million of the kind of laborers it would like to have; we are all short of them all the time; but such a basis of calculation is quite devoid of statistical value.

The Department is particularly fond of using figures, notwithstanding that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, it has none that would for a moment pass muster with, let us say, the American Statistical Association. Unless we are wholly misinformed, such figures do not exist. For example, a little while ago the Department put the low-grade labor surplus of New York city at 65,000. How did the Department arrive at that figure? No labor census of New York city has ever been taken. The Board of Education had one under consideration a short time ago, and possessed sufficient machinery for taking one. One would think, therefore, that the Department might have encouraged the undertaking. But it did not do so, and the Board dropped the matter. Under such circumstances, any estimate of the low-grade labor surplus must be chiefly guess-work.

The Department has some large and admirable social visions, but unfortunately it has not as yet developed any adequate means for giving them effect. A month ago, for example, it took control of all the low-grade labor in the

country. The press held up the action as a step towards state Socialism, and stirred the public to a keen interest in what was about to happen. The action of the Department automatically destroyed, without compensation, the business of all the regularly licensed employment agencies which dealt in this kind of labor, as well as the business of the labor bureaus in particular industries. When it came to the exercise of control in the actual distribution of labor, the Department lacked the material equipment for the work. There were neither offices, nor clerks, nor responsible directors enough to do what was planned, and there was no money to provide them. As a consequence, the Department had recourse to a licensing system, under which such of the old bureaus as have been able to get licenses are now actually operating.

We are not complaining of the Department because it lacks means to carry out its programme. At that point the fault lies with Congress, which has withheld the necessary appropriations. Nor are we suggesting that the Department shall change its programme or its methods. We are inclined to think that what has been done has been, on the whole, for the best; that in six months the Department will somehow have succeeded in effecting a workable distribution of labor, and that it is likely to keep on until it has transmuted its excellent policies into efficient practice. What seems to be apparent, however, is that, with the immense disparity between the Department's enthusiastic aspirations and its present power of accomplishment, the public must continue to expect just such curious and baffling predicaments as employers and employees appear to be in at the present time. It is indeed a strange state of things, with employers worried about the labor shortage, labor leaders insisting that there is no shortage, and no data available to allay the anxiety of the one or disprove the contention of the other.

In our opinion, the present apparent shortage is largely due to inefficient organization and lost motion. The evil effects of the draft upon the labor supply are not, thus far, in the inroads of the draft upon labor so much as in the dislocation of labor. Such a result appears not to have been taken into account by the advocates of the draft system, and we have not profited by Great Britain's annoying difficulties with the draft, as we were assured would be the case. For this there is little help; but when men are shipped from job to job, when gangs are taken, say, from New York city to West Virginia, kept there in the mines for ten days, and then shifted to Minnesota, there is a percentage of waste motion that can and ought to be taken up. The same thing happens when men are shifted from one part of an industry to another, as is continually being done. We are paying for our long years of dalliance with an unscientific method of getting labor supply within reach of demand, and now that a scientific method is suddenly and urgently needed, we are learning that it is not to be had ready-made. The Department is perhaps doing all that it can. Those who are unfavorably affected by its action can probably do no more than possess their souls in patience. But if the Department is to assume the virtual control of the labor of the country, it ought to have not only the administrative machinery which it needs to make that control effective, but also the unquestioned statistical information which alone will enable it to know what to do. We earnestly hope that the Department will insist upon having both the machinery and the information.

The Aircraft Scandal

THE report of the Senate sub-committee on the aircraft scandal is certainly depressing reading. No more damning exposure of incompetency, extravagance, and favoritism has been made in our history. The shame is all the greater because the subject-matter of the investigation concerns one of the most important parts of our military programme, and not only involves American honor and prestige, but raises at the same time the grave question of our ability so to reinforce the Allies in this field as to bring the war to a speedy end. The report is the more effective, too, because of its restraint. Whatever the members of the sub-committee may have felt about the responsibility of particular persons, they have refrained as much as possible from condemning individuals, and have left to the Department of Justice, which is making an investigation of its own under the direction of Mr. Hughes, the pressing of any charges of criminality that may arise out of the findings of the report.

The committee finds that, of the \$640,000,000 appropriated by Congress in July, 1917, for the aircraft programme, "a substantial part" has been "practically wasted," and a further appropriation of over \$884,000,000 has been found necessary. Only a small number of the De Haviland planes which were shipped abroad down to August 1 had reached the front by July 1. The Bristol battle plane was condemned and discontinued after an expenditure of over \$6,500,000 and the sacrifice of the lives of several officers. The Standard J training machine, equipped with the Hall-Scott engine, was condemned as dangerous and put in storage after a large number had been manufactured at a cost of \$6,000,000. An order for the Spad plane, a fighting plane of the highest type, given orally early in September, 1917, was cancelled on October 8 on the ground that the plane could not be operated with the Liberty motor and that the single-seat fighter was obsolete; but a contract was nevertheless let in April last for more single-seat planes of the same type. The same melancholy story attaches to the De Haviland Four, only a few of which, out of those shipped abroad, appear to have had their defects remedied so as to admit of actual use; to the powerful Caproni plane, only one of which has yet been equipped, and that experimentally, with the Liberty motor; and the Handley-Page heavy bombing plane, the first sample of which was flown only in July and which is still being tested.

That these facts exist is due, in the opinion of the sub-committee, to three causes. In the first place, the execution of the airplane programme was given over mainly to the control of the great automobile manufacturers and others, none of whom had any knowledge of the practical problems involved, and whose relations with the Aircraft Board have been such as to justify the fear that aviation, through the Board, "is to be made the subject of ultimate automobile control." In the second place, the "impossible task" of devising a motor suitable for all types of planes has gone far to subordinate the whole airplane programme to the Liberty motor. Last, but not least, "we failed at the beginning of the war to adopt the common-sense course of reproducing the most approved types of European machines in as great numbers as possible," irrespective of experiments with the Liberty motor or with novel types of airplanes.

What the Senate will do with the report remains, of course, to be seen. What is clear, however, is that the burden of the disgrace rests, not upon Congress, but upon the Administration. It was for Congress to vote the money which the Administration asked for to carry out the aviation part of the war programme. But the expenditure of the appropriation is the affair, not of Congress, but of the President. No resounding expositions of democracy or political ethics, no commanding influence in world affairs, will suffice to shield him from inquiry, at the bar of public opinion, concerning matters which under the Constitution are devolved upon him. Is Mr. Wilson a capable administrator? Has he surrounded himself with competent and safe advisers and executives? Does he know what is going on? These are questions which the American people, we suspect, are going to ask themselves very earnestly in the face of this appalling revelation of incompetency and waste.

Yet the greater significance of the Senate report is its revelation of the American character. What can we say now about the antiquated methods of England and France and our own boastful "efficiency"? What is the public to think of the much-advertised "patriotism" of automobile manufacturers and others, who have tumbled over one another in their eagerness to put their plants at the disposal of the Government? What becomes of professional and business ethics when engineers and business men waste Government money by the hundreds of millions, meantime exposing American and Allied armies to heavy losses? And will our newspapers and our "leaders" continue to discredit and abuse patriotic critics like Mr. Borglum, whose allegations of corruption in the aircraft administration have now been humiliatingly sustained?

Rewards to Catch Lynchers

THE announcement that the publishers of the San Antonio *Express* have set aside a fund of \$100,000 to combat the lynching evil by offering rewards for the apprehension and conviction of lynchers has attracted widespread attention. It has been rightly commended as a direct response to the President's notable appeal to the country to end mob law, and as meriting particular praise because it is a Southern newspaper which sets the example. In both respects the offer is, indeed, noteworthy. Yet it is not, as some editors suggest, the first gift of the kind. Thanks to the initiative of Mr. Philip G. Peabody, of Boston, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been possessed for two years of a modest fund of \$10,000 with which to investigate lynching and, if possible, to stir the State and local authorities concerned to action. With the aid of this gift, contributed by its members, the Association has not only been able to dispatch agents at once to the scene of a lynching, but it has also begun the first careful study of this form of crime ever undertaken. Almost every other social evil has been investigated by private or public inquisitors. Lynching has been let alone, and with the result of perpetuating the time-honored belief that the crime is invariably connected with rape, and is due in part to the law's tedious delays.

As a matter of fact, only a small percentage of the lynchings are due to sexual crime on the part of blacks. Considering the multitudes of wholly uneducated Negroes and the absence of any rural police, the record of the colored

race in this respect is amazingly good. Now and then, of course, a crime is committed which rouses the deepest passions and causes frightful suffering and heartbreak. Nowadays, however, any excuse for lynching will do; charges of enticing away labor, of poisoning wells, of speaking rudely and being impertinent, of practicing voodoo, of abusing animals—these are some of the unproved allegations upon which men and women have been done to death. The truth is that lynching has become, with certain communities, a sport, at times a mania; that when the mob has had enough liquor or has become sufficiently excited it cares not who the victim or what the occasion. The colored woman who was burned to death by a mob in Mississippi, after splinters had been driven into her body, was killed out of the mob's anger that her husband, charged, but not found guilty, of crime, had escaped. Another colored woman lynched by a Southern mob was killed after being criminally assaulted, her little boy meeting death at the same time because dead boys tell no tales. The lynching of women grows more common year by year.

Such are some of the facts frequently gathered by the Association along with evidence of unquestioned Negro criminality. But no Negro crime known to us ever surpassed in fiendishness one which the Association recently brought to light in Tennessee. The *Nation* has for a long time been considering whether it were not a public duty to uphold the President's appeal by printing the horrible facts; but it cannot print them, for they are unprintable. Their character, however, may be judged from the statement that one of the persons lynched was a woman about to become a mother, and that her child, cut living from her suspended body, was stamped under foot by the mob. This was not in Belgium or Servia, but in Christian America.

It is not detracting from the admirable spirit which prompted the action of the *San Antonio Express* to point out that offers of rewards, in and of themselves, are of little avail. Lynchers frequently have themselves photographed alongside their victim, and yet go unwhipped of justice. Tennessee has been offering rewards of \$500 and \$1,000, but no one has been arrested. When lynchers are tried, as in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, or in Illinois in the case of Robert J. Praeger, it often happens that they are promptly acquitted—even though they have confessed their guilt. Plainly, bribes to turn State's evidence are not going to get us very far. The *San Antonio Express's* \$100,000 might, we believe, be better invested in "pitiless publicity," in making every Southern and every Northern town realize that this practice of lynching sinks us to the level of the Prussians and dishonors the nation; that it strikes a deadly blow at the foundations of society; that it is far worse for the whites than for the blacks, because those who inflict wrong suffer in the end more than those who endure it.

The *San Antonio* fund might well be used to reinforce the National Association's effort to make its scientific inquiry complete, since without such inquiry every suggested remedy is little better than a leap into the dark. It might well be used to inquire into the desirability of a Federal law against lynching, such as has recently been urged upon Congress as a necessary war measure by two officers of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. None the less, the establishment of the fund cannot fail to hasten the stirring of public opinion now taking place in the South. Even in war time we must go back in this matter to the simple teaching of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Why Shakespeare Quit

AT last, after centuries of gnawing wonder, the world knows why Shakespeare left us so slight a literary product. It appears that after dashing off the trifle of piquant juvenilia that has come down to us, he was seized with writer's cramp and quit—ceased writing and retired to Stratford in the prime of life, just when his powers were maturing to the point of something really important, something that might have redeemed the promise of his youth. One Dr. Ralph Leftwich, in the course of an address before the Urban Club of London, is reported to have exhibited facsimiles of the budding dramatist's handwriting and to have adduced eighteen pieces of evidence to show that the calamity befell about the year 1611, when Shakespeare's last play, "The Tempest," was being put on the stage. The newspaper report does not say what kind of evidence it was that Dr. Leftwich submitted, and we must take his word for the truth of the alleged facts.

But in accepting his word we confess to a frankly churlish spirit. Must we embitter our souls by contemplation of the unwritten treasures which Shakespeare must have carried about with him *in petto* as he moved along the prosaic and rather odoriferous routine of life in the rural England of Elizabeth's day? Was it really the failure of a few muscles and some overstrained nerves that cost the world so dear? There is something inglorious, almost unbecoming, too, in a loss due to such a cause. If mankind's hopes and desires for more of Shakespeare were destined to perish, they should at least have been permitted to die under the walls of Troy. All that is left to us is to conjecture what might have happened if this poor playwright had been born a little later, or the typewriter had been invented a little earlier. To-day he might be ripening into an author of quality and quantity, not to say distinction, playing off his humdingers with hands and feet, or keeping four relays of stenographers going while the presses clanged to the golden tune of forty thousand words per month.

We very much fear that if it is possible to obtain publicity in such an easy way as that which Dr. Leftwich offers, we shall soon be hearing interesting facts about other literary worthies now, alas! beyond the possibility of denying what is said of their bodily or spiritual ills. We may doubtless learn before long that Dante ceased writing because the summer climate of Florence was hot and unhealthy and passport regulations unfavorable to travel; or that Homer quit because bone-dry prohibitionists set up their dismal domination over Chios's rocky isle. Job, we suspect, stopped philosophizing on account of extreme nervous debility induced by depressing company and a tepid domestic life. As for Bacon—but we forbear, lest it appear that he, too, was afflicted with writer's cramp.

As for ourselves, we think that if the case of Shakespeare calls for anything, it is that he be left alone. The Germans have been trying during the last year to prove, with their little habit of proving the impossible, the incredible, and the indefensible, that Shakespeare was really of Teutonic stock, and the Kaiser is actually to have the plays reedited from the point of view of Berlin in 1918. Who will be the first to form a Society for the Protection of Shakespeare, not only from the Kaiser and Dr. Leftwich, but from others who would lay ruthless hands upon his memory to prove him mortal?

The I. W. W. Trial

By VICTOR S. YARROS

THE great and sensational case of the United States of America vs. William D. Haywood et al. resulted in a verdict of "Guilty" against the one hundred defendants who finally faced the court and jury. Although the trial consumed over four months, and although the witnesses were numerous and the record unprecedentedly voluminous, the jury deliberated less than two hours. This circumstance was a great surprise to the defendants as well as to many impartial observers. But the last phase of the trial was marked by more than one surprise. Every one concerned had been very patient all through the long and wearisome affair, yet the closing hours of the trial produced an impression of the keenest desire to get through on any terms, and let the jury do what it might without proper and adequate help from the attorneys in the case. The defence suddenly decided to dispense with argument and analytical review of the evidence from its point of view. The prosecution was not unwilling to acquiesce in this arrangement, although it deprived the Government likewise of the opportunity of going over the evidence carefully, and showing how each of the one hundred defendants had been duly connected by it with the conspiracies charged in the indictment.

Lawyers who watched the proceedings are at a loss to account for the action of the defence at the eleventh hour. Was it confident of an acquittal of all the defendants? How could it afford to take so great a risk as it took in waiving the right to argue the case elaborately? Or was it so certain of an adverse verdict as to all of the accused that it did not think it worth while to claim even so substantial a right as that of analyzing and interpreting the evidence and disproving the views and conclusions of the other side?

The second hypothesis is positively negated by the assertions which some of the ablest of the defendants made privately and publicly on the eve of the final day of the trial. There can be no doubt that many of them expected that they would be acquitted. There can be no doubt that most of them believed that their side had presented a powerful and impressive defence. None of them had complained of the slightest unfairness on the part of the court, while some had declared repeatedly that Judge Landis, the presiding judge, was giving them an absolutely "fair deal." Optimism and overconfidence on the part of the defence would seem to be the likelier explanation of its action. But, in that case, its course was unwise and unjust to the jury. Could the jury be expected to remember unaided all the evidence and to make up its mind that each of the one hundred defendants was guilty of the several conspiracies charged beyond a reasonable doubt? Be this as it may, the verdict is before the country. The great trial ended in a practically complete victory for the Government, and a vindication of the warnings and demands of those persons and organizations in the Northwest and elsewhere who had accused the I. W. W. of disloyalty, sedition, and bitter hostility towards the Government and its war policies.

Whether the verdict is justified as to all the defendants by the evidence in the record is a question which the highest court in the land will doubtless answer in due time. Certain it is that to all outward seeming the trial was fair.

None of the defendants has alleged that in the courtroom any appeal to mere prejudice was permitted or tolerated. The prosecution was, of course, technical, but by no means too technical. The court resolved many a doubt in regard to the admissibility of the evidence in favor of the defendants. No disposition was manifested to restrict them as to the way or manner in which they should meet the charges against them. If they were hampered—and they say that they were—it was outside of the courtroom, by lack of funds, by alleged interference with their witnesses, by the failure to deliver mail to and from the headquarters of the I. W. W., and the suppression of public appeals for contributions to the defence fund.

It is very difficult for the ordinary citizen or even the ordinary lawyer to comprehend the case against the now convicted leaders, editors, speakers, organizers, and officers of the I. W. W. Was the I. W. W. organization as such on trial? Is that organization lawless and criminal, and could the Government have indicted all of its members had it wished to do so? Was it a crime to entertain the views held by the I. W. W.? The Government's theory of the case must be gathered from the five counts of the original indictment, although the fifth count was finally quashed and withdrawn by the trial judge. Each of the counts charged conspiracy to violate a certain section of the criminal code of the United States. The Government contended, first, that each of the defendants had conspired with some of the others, or with persons for various reasons not under indictment, to commit the alleged violations, and, in the second place, that each of the defendants had committed certain overt acts in pursuance of the alleged conspiracy. Hence, under the law of conspiracy, they were guilty irrespective of the motives which had actuated them. If their acts had been lawful, it would have been necessary to prove a criminal intent, but the Government contended that the acts and methods of which the defendants were accused were all unlawful to begin with.

The position of the Government was thus outlined by Mr. Nebeker, special assistant to the Attorney-General and senior counsel for the prosecution:

In the first place, there are numerous elements of unlawfulness involved in every I. W. W. strike from the beginning of the organization down to the present time. . . . The whole proposition has been that the ordinary American Federation of Labor strike, as they call it, the ordinary folded-arm strike, the ordinary strike by which men either individually or collectively cease to work, is not an I. W. W. strike. So that the old-time, the old-fashioned, strike is not in this controversy at all. . . . In addition to that, they all said, and have said all along the line, that they would practice sabotage, strike on the job, violate the property rights of the man who owns the mine or the lumber camp, deal with his property as if it were their own. Now there will never be any way for the defendants to get away from that proposition. In addition to that, I say that during the time that the Government was in need of these basic industries for war purposes, they had no right to conduct even a folded-arm strike. . . . When it comes to a situation by which the country must have the product of these mines and of these basic industries, men must govern themselves accordingly. . . . They must cease; in other words, they must change their programme. Now, they did not do that in this case.

Not having changed their programme or their conduct,

continued Mr. Nebeker, the defendants were chargeable with all the necessary and direct consequences of their acts; and if one of the consequences was interference with the operations of the Government, they were chargeable with that consequence, the law presuming them to have intended that too.

In the light of these explanations, one may now turn to the indictment itself. The first count charged that the defendants conspired with the late Frank Little and others to prevent, hinder, and delay by force the execution of several acts and resolutions of Congress having to do with the war; that the defendants, as officers, agitators, editors, or organizers of the I. W. W., had been engaged in propagating the ideas of that body and in managing its affairs; that they had advocated and brought about local strikes, industrial strikes, and general strikes in utter disregard of the rights of other persons and especially of the United States; that they had regularly and systematically carried on the work of the organization, which avowedly aimed at the abolition of the existing industrial system, knowing and intending that their activities would interfere with the production of munitions of war, supplies, etc., required for the military forces of the United States; and that the defendants required members of the organization to refuse to register or to submit to the draft.

The second count charged the defendants with conspiring to oppress, threaten, and intimidate many persons engaged in furnishing, under contract, munitions, fuel, ships, equipment, etc., to the United States. The third count charged conspiracy to aid, counsel, command, and induce thousands of persons to refuse to register, and other thousands to desert the service of the United States. The fourth count charged conspiracy to cause insubordination, disloyalty, and refusal of duty in the military and naval forces, as well as to obstruct recruiting and enlistment. The fifth count charged conspiracy to violate the postal laws of the country by depositing for mailing and delivery papers, circulars, and "stickerettes" advocating the commission of fraudulent acts against employers, such acts consisting of sabotage, secret interference with efficient service, wilful slackening of production, and restriction of profits.

Sixteen pages of the bulky indictment are devoted to an enumeration of "overt acts" of the defendants, said "acts" consisting of telegrams, letters, circulars, articles, and pamphlets in which the various offences alleged in the counts were proposed, endorsed, or advocated. Only a few of the citations given in this section of the indictment can be reproduced here. The organ of the I. W. W., *Solidarity*, printed such sentiments as these during the period covered by the indictment and after the entry of the United States into the war:

Every war is for gain. How much of this gain do the workers get? Nothing. Who does the dying? The workers. Then, if war is declared, let us, by all means, pull off the general strike to prevent it. What is more simple?

It is needless to say that the I. W. W. is unalterably opposed to war and conscription. . . . We consider the bombastic and far-fetched talk about freedom and democracy simply so much bunk.

Any one with good sense now objects to being told that Czar Wilson is working for the interests of the working class in trying to force them against their wills into the bloody European slaughter-fest. The treachery, duplicity, and hypocrisy of the present Administration have done more to remove the time-hallowed veneration for political government from the minds of the slaves than anything that has happened in decades. . . . The

refusal of American workers to volunteer and their determined opposition to being drafted into the army demonstrates clearly that war is being recognized by the slave class as a cause of class hatred.

A letter from one Phineas Eastman to Haywood referred to the uncertainty of members of the I. W. W. in regard to conscription, and enclosed a motion, unanimously adopted at Augusta, Kansas, by a branch of the organization, for the purpose of "stopping all speculation." The motion advised all members to resist conscription "by refusing to join any band of potential murderers, or by any other effective method deemed advisable." From Seattle, Washington, a certain strike committee wrote to Haywood that patriotism was being preached there among the workers in the mills and yards, and that the strikers had the good will of the German people in the community. It added: "We are going to carry our points if we have to stop every industry on the Pacific Coast. We did not declare war, and have not consented to the workingman giving up his liberties and being drafted." All of the foregoing quotations the Government claimed to be typical.

The Government further contended at the trial that if the offices of the I. W. W. had not been raided, correspondence seized, plans revealed, and leaders arrested, the organization would certainly have brought about all manner of local and general strikes for the purpose of paralyzing the hands of the Government and at the same time striking a powerful blow at the present industrial system. It insisted that the war, instead of causing the I. W. W. to suspend its agitation and warfare against capitalism, led it to make special efforts to increase and intensify its activities. The attorneys for the Government claimed that they could have offered evidence *ad infinitum* of the plots and conspiracies charged in the indictment, but that they had stopped when enough evidence had been introduced to prove the guilt of the defendants beyond reasonable doubt.

Under the Government's theory of the case, the I. W. W. cannot continue its normal activities without violating the criminal laws of the United States and exposing itself to prosecution for conspiracy. It can continue to exist only if it ceases to advocate strikes, direct action, and sabotage, withdraws from circulation its typical literature, and suspends all agitation against conscription, war, and the effective mobilization of the national resources, human and other, for the prosecution of the war. The I. W. W. has not been formally "proclaimed" or outlawed, but it must change its tactics and methods, declare a sort of truce, and confine itself to theoretical criticism of the present industrial system and theoretical advocacy of a coöperative system, without the element of what it calls exploitation. This conclusion manifestly follows from the position taken by the Government at the recent trial.

The defence of the I. W. W. leaders consisted of two distinct parts. The several conspiracy charges were flatly and unqualifiedly denied. That is, the defendants denied that they, or any of them, had entered into any sort of agreement or understanding, or had formed any common design, to obstruct or hamper the Government in its military operation or in any other of its activities. They denied absolutely that there had been any conspiracy to resist the draft, or to advise such resistance, or to encourage desertion in the army or navy.

Of course, if there was no conspiracy, the charges fell to the ground. But what of the many "overt acts" alleged and

proved by the Government? The answer was that, if any of the defendants had written or spoken against registration under the Draft act, or against enlistment, or against the necessity or justice of the war policies of the Government, they did so as individuals on their several personal accounts. Since they held certain views concerning war in general, and concerning capitalism and the position of labor, there was nothing extraordinary in the fact that several of the defendants should have expressed, simultaneously, the same ideas concerning the present war. It would have been strange if they had not done so. At any rate, the defence claimed, such agreement regarding fundamentals like war, and capitalism as the cause of war, offers little evidence of a criminal conspiracy.

The Government, the defence argued, might have indicted and tried some of the same men for violation of the Espionage act and kindred offences; but the theory of conspiracy was declared to be utterly baseless.

Similarly, the charge that the defendants had, pursuant to the alleged conspiracy, counselled and advocated sabotage, was unqualifiedly denied. True, the defendants said, the I. W. W. believes in sabotage as a permanent and effective weapon in the war on the capitalistic system; but as a matter of fact, they insisted, none of the several acts of sabotage attributed to their organization in the Government's bill of particulars, or in the Government's testimony, had been committed by the I. W. W., if committed at all.

Again, the defence denied unreservedly that the I. W. W., or its leaders on trial, had assumed a position of positive hostility towards the Government by reason of its war policies. On the contrary, the defence insisted, Haywood (the acknowledged intellectual head of the I. W. W.) had repeatedly declined to commit the organization to such a position, or to endorse suggestions to that end. Evidence was offered to show that Haywood had written to fellow-members that an anti-war position might "put them out of business," and, at another time, that the I. W. W. "intended to take part in the war." That certain of the defendants had denounced the war and the Government's war policies and had even advised drastic action to cripple the Government, was not denied. But, as in the case of other alleged offences, it was urged the particular individuals in question might have been indicted and tried. The error of the prosecution, they averred, lay in assuming the existence of a common design, or conspiracy, and placing responsibility for anti-war and anti-Government utterances on many who had not been guilty of such utterances, but who had, indeed, sought to prevent them.

The defence did not, however, limit itself to denials where the issue was simply and plainly whether or not the defendants had done, or had conspired to do, a certain thing. It undertook to prove by direct testimony that the I. W. W. were taking part in the war, were giving and risking their lives for the Government, were making, loading, and transporting munitions of war, were raising food for the men in uniform; were, in short, rendering cheerfully and willingly a vital service to the Government. I. W. W. members in uniform took the stand and testified that they were loyal soldiers of the United States despite their affiliation with that organization. Other witnesses were placed on the stand to testify that I. W. W. men had proved to be faithful and industrious workers on farms.

This whole line of testimony and argument was forcibly presented to the jury and the court by the senior counsel

for the defence, George F. Vanderveer, in his opening statement. The following is a quotation from this statement:

We are going to bring before you men in the service, men from the various [military] camps, to tell you about their fellow-workers who are with them in uniform, and about the ones who have already gone to France, and about the kind of service they are rendering. We are going to show you plenty of men from this organization who volunteered, who did not wait to be drafted. We are going to show you that a lumbermen's regiment and a loggers' regiment recruited at Spokane and at Missoula were recruited largely from our members.

Wherever, continued Mr. Vanderveer, the I. W. W. are found, they may have controversies with their employers, but

wherever you find them free from a fight with the boss, you find them fighting in the ranks of the workingmen for their Government. Counsel referred specifically to the Mesaba Range, where there was not a single strike in 1917; to the textile industry at Lawrence and Paterson, where there was not a single strike of any kind in that year; to the northern Minnesota woods, where there was not a single strike; to the copper-producing sections of Michigan; to the biggest submarine-building yards at Fore River, Mass.; to the Philadelphia docks and navy yard, and other important "war industries" on which I. W. W. are employed in large numbers, and which they could easily have tied up had they cared to do so, or had their principles required them to do so.

So much for the first part of the defence. The second part consisted of interpretations and explications of facts that were not, or could not be, denied. The Government had offered testimony covering several important strikes and threatened extensions of these strikes. There had been strikes at Butte, in the Arizona woods, in Michigan, and elsewhere. There had been correspondence in regard to these strikes and confident expectations or boasts of their extension. The Government pointed to these things as weighty proofs of the conspiracies charged. The defence, on the other hand, contended that each of the strikes or threatened strikes had resulted from grievances and wrongs in the industry affected; that the war had nothing whatever to do with any of them; that the intent of such defendants as were connected with the strikes was not to resist or obstruct the Government, but to improve local conditions and make the lives of the workers endurable. Moreover, argued the defence, some of these strikes were not even I. W. W. affairs, but were "regular" trade-union strikes in which I. W. W. members participated merely as individuals.

If neither the intent in calling or advocating the strikes complained of by the Government nor the methods of the strikers were unlawful, then, of course, the strikers and their leaders were not responsible, in the eye of the law, for such interference with the production of materials necessary to the prosecution of the war. If the intent was lawful, and the methods were also unobjectionable, then an I. W. W. strike did not differ in any way from an "ordinary," old-fashioned strike. Hundreds of strikes have taken place since our entry into the war, and hundreds of thousands of workers have taken part in them. Had they been charged with conspiracy to hamper the Government and interfere with its war activities? They had not; then why impute to the I. W. W. unlawful, sinister, and disloyal designs when they called or encouraged perfectly just, reasonable, and lawful strikes?

In accordance with this reasoning, the defence essayed to justify and explain the various strikes of which the Government complained. The defence sought to convince the court and the jury that the intent of these strikes was law-

ful, that the strikes themselves were lawful, and that the methods advocated and adopted in these situations were not unlawful.

Judge Landis ruled that while such general literature on economic and social conditions as the Report of the Industrial Relations Commission could not be admitted as evidence, "the whole situation about the mines, about the lumber forests and the mills in which these activities occurred, might be put in evidence." This ruling opened the door to much testimony concerning "intent" in calling strikes, concerning the agitation that had been carried on, the speeches delivered by defendants, the exact significance of the advice they had given, the terms they had used, etc. Much testimony which, when summarized in the press, puzzled even lawyers, who could not perceive its relevance or competence, was admitted under this very broad ruling.

For example, several of the defendants, lecturers and organizers, were permitted to make long speeches to the jury, in which they were supposed to say exactly the things they had habitually said to workmen or strikers in explanation of particular controversies with employers or of the general I. W. W. position towards such controversies. In these speeches and in other testimony the defendants placed before the jury and court the whole philosophy of the I. W. W. movement—the reason for opposing political action, the meaning of the phrase "direct action," the exact function and limits of sabotage, the attitude of the organization towards the Government, etc. All this was done for the purpose of refuting the conspiracy charge as well as for the purpose of demonstrating the inherent improbability of that charge. The effort was to show that the Government had mistaken the objects and misinterpreted the aims and methods of the I. W. W. in specific cases as well as in a general way.

In brief, the position of the defendants was described as follows: The I. W. W. is not making war, by its strikes and sabotage, on the democratic form of government; it is not opposed to the Government of the United States. It holds that what is called the capitalistic system has grown up within and in spite of political democracy because forms of government are not sufficient to do away with the exploitation of labor and all the evils that result from such exploitation. The remedy for these evils lies in the education and organization of the wage-workers. Industrial unionism aims at the pacific and perfectly legal abolition of capitalism. All the workmen have to do is to refuse to work on unjust terms. As free men, they have the right to say on what terms and conditions they will continue to work. When these terms are such that exploitation is impossible, the capitalistic system will come to an end. There need be no disorder, no violence, no oppression of the capitalists. Indeed, the I. W. W. do not believe in violence, in revolution, in criminal tactics. They alone have openly and emphatically proclaimed the futility and folly of violence. Hence, neither their ultimate aim nor their methods are unlawful *per se*. The Government can afford to remain neutral in their fight with capitalism. They are not attacking the foundations of democracy; rather are they striving to carry democracy from the political into the industrial sphere.

As to sabotage, that term has been totally misunderstood by the Government and by society. Sabotage does not mean wanton, malicious, unlawful destruction of property. Why should labor destroy the products of labor? Sabotage is a means of drying up the sources of illegitimate profits, of ex-

ploitation. Sabotage is intended to prevent adulteration and to compel the capitalist to be honest with labor and the public. Sabotage means giving no more in return for a wage than that wage fairly commands. Sabotage is needed to make strikes effective and to render resort to them unnecessary. Sabotage is a modern, humane, civilized substitute for violence and destruction, precisely as the industrial form of organization and the education of labor are the substitutes for the reactionary idea of a physical revolution.

In view of these facts, argued the defendants, the Government's bitterness and hostility towards the I. W. W. are unwarranted. The allegation of a deliberate conspiracy to cripple the Government and take advantage of the war to overthrow capitalism is unfounded. Foolish things were no doubt said by some I. W. W. editors—especially in foreign-language papers which the American leaders of the organization could not read or properly direct—prior to and after the entry of the United States into the war. For some of these things, anarchists, Socialists, and pro-German agitators were responsible. Others were said in haste and ignorance, rashly and impulsively. The Government, alarmed by some of these utterances, had connected them with certain perfectly legal strikes caused by revolting local conditions. Finally, acts done and matter circulated by elements alien to the I. W. W. were erroneously attributed to that organization. The prosecution, in short, originated in misunderstanding, fear, distrust, and dislike of the I. W. W. At bottom, the I. W. W. had not been unpatriotic. It has not made the slightest advances towards the pro-Germans. It has not attempted in a single instance to obtain their money or their support. Not a dollar of German money was found in the I. W. W. treasury. Its books and accounts admittedly cleared it of any such suspicion as that. If it was not pro-German, or anti-United States, or anti-war; if it did not instigate strikes to paralyze the Government; if it did not directly or indirectly oppose the draft or voluntary enlistments; if its members have been allowed to work and fight for the Government—if all these things are true, then, declared the I. W. W. leaders, they are the victims of prejudice and injustice. Will not the higher courts, they asked, perceive this and set aside the verdict? Will not the record, when earnestly and judicially examined, vindicate them?

Time alone can answer these questions. Meanwhile, it is certain that the great majority of the people of Chicago, including lawyers and judges and other men of influence, are disposed to give the defendants further opportunity to present their case and establish the truth of their denials and disclaimers. The community has not been intolerant, or vindictive, or impatient. The local atmosphere was wholly favorable to an absolutely fair trial of the case.

It is in every way to be hoped that a rehearing of the case on appeal, if such rehearing is had, will be neither delayed nor impeded. If the I. W. W. lacks funds, the Government, which has won so great a victory in the first instance, might well disarm all criticism by permitting the persons who wish to do so to contribute freely to a fund for its benefit. In any event, it is a happy augury that a controversy involving so much popular feeling should thus far have been dealt with by the Federal Court in so impartial and judicial a manner, and that those who have been condemned have all along admitted the fairness of the procedure. The spectacle of a great state trial of this sort is a reminder that the courts are still open and that justice may be had.

The Murman Railway Question

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

WITH the Russian questions nominally settled by the peace of Brest-Litovsk, to reconsideration of which the United States is pledged, must henceforth be classed the Murman Railway problem. For the moment this appears to be merely a question of strategy. The issue is whether the Allied forces now operating in North Russia will be able to use the ice-free port of Murmansk after the freezing of Archangel on the White Sea; or whether Germany in alliance with Finland will acquire a temporary submarine base on the Arctic Ocean. Behind these immediate issues lies a race and territorial question which needs permanent settlement, and which is much older than the Murman Railway, though it would probably be less acute to-day had the railroad not been built.

The Murman Railway is important because it terminates in the only ice-free port left to Russia after the seizure by Germany of Libau and the minor ports of the southern Baltic. The Black Sea ports, the present ownership of which is doubtful, may be left out of account. Murmansk is an interesting example of the relative unimportance of latitude in matters of climate. Whereas Petrograd, nearly a thousand miles to the south, is closed by ice from mid-December until late in April, the new port on the Arctic Ocean is open all the year. The whole northern coast of the Kola Peninsula, on which Murmansk is built, is warmed by the North Cape current of the Gulf Stream. Russia's largest northern port, Archangel, on the White Sea, is closed by ice from October to May; and the minor White Sea ports, Kem, Onega, and Kandalinsk, are frozen for about the same time, and in other respects are even worse situated than Archangel from the point of view of development.

The advantages of the Murman coast were pointed out many years ago by a progressive Governor of Archangel, Engelhardt, who urged Petrograd to develop the whole region. In Engelhardt's time the chief Murman port was Kola. Kola lies on an inlet forty miles from open ocean. Its harbor freezes; in winter it can be reached only by reindeer, and spring and fall produce five months of the roadlessness which Russians call *rasputitsa*, when communication by land is impossible. Lower down the Kola Gulf, about five miles from the mouth, is Catherine Port, which practically never freezes; and there Engelhardt founded in 1895 the little town of Alexandrovsk as a proposed naval station and administrative centre. The Petrograd Government tried to stimulate its growth by encouraging colonization and by sending annual scientific expeditions; but in 1904 Alexandrovsk had only 400 inhabitants. The late Count Witte gave the reason for this to the Council of the Empire. "An ice-free port without railroad connection with the Empire's main roads," he said, "is an anomaly."

The outbreak of war made railroad connection indispensable. The Baltic was from the first in Germany's power; and, according to the former War Minister Suchomlinov, the Trans-Siberian Railway could carry only one-seventh of the supplies needed for the conduct of the war. Through Archangel until the winter of 1914-15 poured Russia's foreign munitions supplies. The old plan of building a railroad to an entirely ice-free port near the mouth of the Gulf

of Kola was revived. The port chosen—known before the revolution as Romanoff, but now called Murmansk—has an excellent natural harbor, with thirty-two feet of water inshore and a high coast line giving protection against storms. The nearest railhead was Petrozavodsk, capital of the Government of Olonetz, about a thousand kilometres to the south. The preliminary surveys were begun in the autumn of 1914 and carried through in polar darkness; and the actual work was begun in the following March. The labor was enormous. The track runs largely through marshes, frozen hard in winter, in a sparsely peopled country, without any supplies except timber. A hundred thousand Russian laborers and an unstated number of German prisoners had to be brought to the spot and provided with housing. By November, 1916, the 1,000 kilometres of track were laid. Pessimists predicted that when ice melted in the spring of 1917, the track would disappear into the swamps; but this prediction was not fulfilled. In 1917 the railroad's carrying capacity was only 1,500 tons daily, and during the whole winter of 1916-17 only 100,000 tons were transported; but the Russian constructor, M. Goriatchkovsky, has reported that with increased rolling stock the railroad could carry 3,500 tons a day, the maximum handling capacity of Murmansk port.

The Murman Railway was built solely as a means of supplying Russia's army with munitions. It had no direct strategical significance. While it was being built the German armies were held on the front of Riga; and there was no probability that an independent Finland would soon be collaborating with Germany in Northwest Russia. To-day the situation is changed. As a means of supply the railroad is still important; but as an element of strategy it is vital. When Archangel freezes, it will be the only line of communication for any Allied force operating in North Russia. At present the Allied position is secure. By occupying Kem, which lies just half way between Murmansk and the terminus of Petrozavodsk, England gained control of the more important part of the road. But if the plans ascribed to Germany, and some of the plans admitted by Finland, were realized, the position of the Allies would be much less secure.

According to cables from Europe received soon after the German expeditionary force in Finland succeeded in crushing the Red Guard rebellion, Germany's aim was to reach Murmansk, seize the munitions stored there, and establish a submarine base. At the end of May Germany was reported to be building two railroads, one towards Kem, aiming at a direct junction between the Finnish roads and the Murman road; and the other from an unnamed Finnish railhead to Petchenga Bay close to the Norwegian frontier. A week later, a Stockholm newspaper announced the conclusion of a German-Finnish agreement under which Germany would "use Finland as a passageway to the Arctic." Germany did not confirm or deny these stories. The Finns were franker about their designs. Their two aims, they declared, were to acquire the Petchenga district, thus getting an ice-free port on the ocean; and to annex parts of the Russian provinces of Olonetz and Archangel. These plans, apparently still pursued, are the essence of the Murman problem.

Finland's desire for Petchenga is easily explained. The Russian and Norwegian coasts meet on the Arctic and cut Finland off from ice-free water. Finland is therefore restricted to navigation *via* the Baltic. Only at the expense of either Norway or Russia could she reach the ocean. The acquisition from Russia of a narrow belt of land at Petchenga would give her the outlet she needs. The Finns adduce three arguments in support of their plan. First, they allege, the Petchenga territory was promised to them long ago by Russia in exchange for territory ceded in South Finland. Second, the Bolshevik Government last winter agreed to cede Petchenga to the short-lived Finnish Red Government in exchange for Ino and Raivola, two districts on the Gulf of Finland which are necessary for the defence of Kronstadt. Third, the Petchenga population is mostly Finnish. The Bolshevik Government is apparently still willing to carry out this cession. In May, the Assistant Foreign Minister, Vosnessensky, defended the "deal" on the ground that the greatest width of the territory to be ceded is only forty-five miles, and that as the new Finnish stretch of coast on the Arctic would be seventy miles from Murmansk, Russia's port and railroad would be in no danger. In a later statement Vosnessensky declared that the Allies need not be nervous, as the Germans had no intention of establishing themselves on the Arctic. To this a group of Young-Finnish politicians who oppose the Helsingfors policy of too close union with Germany replied that "as long as Finland and Germany are identical in Allied minds, the acquisition by Finland of Petchenga will inevitably be regarded as a threat, even if the Murman Railway is left intact."

The second Finnish claim—to part of the Russian Government of Olonetz and to part of the interior of Archangel—is inspired by Irredentist motives. The districts claimed are known as "Russian Karelia." The Karelians are the eastern branch of the Finnish race; and they inhabit both Finland proper and Russia. They differ from the west Finns—the Tavasts—by their livelier character and softer dialect; and they are Finland's poets. It was among Karelians that the Swedish-Finn Elias Lönnrot collected the epic fragments which he later pieced together into the "Kalevala." The vast majority of Karelians, to the number of about a million, inhabit Finland proper, and, compared with this already redeemed Karelia, the Karelian Irredenta in Russia is of little importance. In Olonetz, in territory adjoining Finland proper, are about 70,000 Karelians and Tchuds (another Karelian race); and in Archangel, mostly in the district of Kem, are about 20,000 Karelians. The northwest of Olonetz is not only ethnically, but also geologically, part of Finland. By pushing her frontier eastward from 50 to 100 miles, Finland would achieve her aim.

The Irredentist movement is purely an outcome of the Russian revolution. The Finns at home are all Lutherans, whereas the Karelians in Russia are Greek Orthodox. Of 70,000 Karelians and Tchuds in Olonetz, only 3,000 are registered as Lutherans, and these are immigrants from the former Grand Duchy of Finland. The whole population now claimed by Finland as Irredenta, however, does not number more than 100,000, and there would probably have been no annexation agitation at all had not Finland's national self-consciousness been strengthened by independence, and had not the Bolshevik régime given the Russian Karelians cause of complaint.

The Helsingfors Government seems determined to annex

Russian Karelia. During the White-Red civil war, the White commander, Mannerheim, issued a proclamation declaring that Finland would come to the aid of her oppressed brethren. This might threaten the Murman Railway. The Karelian population in Olonetz extends as far as Petrozavodsk on the shore of Lake Onega, where the railroad starts; and there are several Karelian settlements west of the lake. If Finland is not to annex territory through which the railroad runs, she would have to leave some of her Karelians unredeemed under Russian rule. Her proclaimed policy is to annex the Karelian districts without touching the railroad. This statement was made during an interchange of notes between the Finnish Minister at Stockholm and the French Minister, representing also the English Minister. The French Minister demanded that Finland should abstain from all undertakings "against the Russian provinces which are situated outside the Grand Duchy's present frontier." Finland's representative replied that his Government had already assured England that no aggression against the Murman Railway was contemplated; but that Finland "did not consider it just to put obstacles in the way of the realization of the Karelian people's efforts to unite with their brethren in the now free and independent Finland." "The Finnish Government," continued the note, "holds that it cannot shirk its duty to liberate Karelia from the Bolshevik robber bands of Russian and Finnish origin which terrorize the peaceful population." Since this note was sent, the Finnish newspapers report the arrival of two deputations from Russian Karelia, both complaining of outrages by Bolshevik soldiers, and both asking for annexation.

Finland's argument is that as long as she does not annex any Russian territory traversed by the Murman Railway, her acts do not threaten the railroad, and have therefore no particular importance for the war. The real issue here is obviously not Finland but Germany. The Allied note protesting against annexation of any Russian territory implies that, with Finland at Petchenga on the Arctic Ocean, or within striking distance of Petrozavodsk, the whole Murman coast and railroad could be threatened at any time should Germany decide to move northward or eastward. In that lies the gravity of the Murman question.

Clamming

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE scene is far too grand for the trivial action staged upon it. In front is the North Mountain; behind is the Basin. Between, on the vast red clay foreshore left bare by the ebb, is a solitary human figure. It is the Summer Boarder engaged in clamming. The crest and flanks of the long trap-rock wall called North Mountain are clothed with spruce forest. At its feet stand white farmhouses amid green orchards and greener fields of oats. There are no fences to be seen; but lines of low bushes give the impression of English hedgerows. Fifteen miles away the parallel wall of South Mountain shows like a low-lying bank of faint blue cloud. The horizon is beset all round with snowy, puffed cloud-masses which cannot climb higher. From the centre of the immense, aery dome, dwarfing the whole landscape, the sun pours midsummer radiance and genial heat. The colors are green and red—green of a hundred shades, orchard and oat-field and grass-land and potato-patch—red of sandy beach and earthy cliff carved and worn by count-

less tides. But the Summer Boarder has eyes for none of these things; he is intent on clamming.

Clamming may be defined as the art or science of extricating the clam from his native mud. The process sounds extremely simple. There is the mud in which the clam lies embedded a few inches below the surface. Here is the hunter armed with a narrow shovel or a five-pronged stable fork. The clam must passively abide your onset. He cannot run away; he cannot fly in the air. You assail him with your digging implement. Insert it at the right place, turn over the mud, and there is the clam ready to hand over to Mrs. Cook for the chowder or the stew.

But there is always a difference between theory and practice; clam-digging is not without its difficulties. The quarry must first be tracked to his lair. His "spoor" is the tiny spiraculum, or blow-hole, which the clam makes in the mud. The larger the blow-hole, the larger the clam, say the natives, a saying which experience does not invariably confirm. Below this the clam lies *perdu* with his long, thick—proboscis, shall we call it?—extended at full length outside the two valves of his shell. This is the "tough end," which serves as a handle to dip him into the melted butter of the clam-bake banquet. It is not eaten. Where the "spoor" is plenty, it is safe to thrust in your fork. Returns are fairly certain, if not quick.

The prior question of equipment for the chase must not be hastily dismissed as unimportant; for every form of field sport has its appropriate accoutrement. There be those who hunt the clam in rubber boots. A bathing-suit is far better. Failing this, the clam-hunter is well advised who pursues his game collarless, coatless, barefoot, with rolled-up shirt-sleeves and double-reefed trousers. For he will see a new meaning in the old question, "What costume should a lady wear in a mud-bath?" Clam-hunting is bathing in mud. The clam-hunter comes into most intimate relations with primeval slime; he cannot but remember the pit from which he was digged; he becomes of the earth, earthy; he achieves a condition of miry slushfulness which Mr. Browning's Caliban might envy. "Sans armor," as far as possible, let the clam-hunter take the field. Washing up thereafter will take less time.

It might be assumed that the odds are all against the quarry; but the clam has a sporting chance for his life, at least against such an amateur as the present writer. Digging for clams in midsummer is no child's play. The clay is a stiff compound of glue and putty. Turning it over with a superannuated shovel is toil comparable to ditching. The shovel is soon clogged with thick lumps of clay, which must be scraped off before a second thrust can be made. It is slow, heavy work. Even when the right quarter section is overturned, and the clam should be revealed in his burrow, he may escape in the turmoil of ooze and water. The ratio has not been worked out; but probably ten shovelfuls of heavy clay are lifted and shifted for every clam dropped into the bucket. Even when the operation is successful, disappointment may follow. The clam may be too small to add to your collection and must be put back to grow. The process of filling the bucket is slow and toilsome; but the labor only sharpens the appetite and makes the clam more thoroughly appreciated when he fulfils the end for which he was created and comes to the table as the chief ingredient in a savory bakemeat.

The psychology of the clam has no doubt been exhaustively studied, but possibly the observations of an independent

investigator (who has dug for clams twice or thrice ere now) may not be altogether without value. The world has a low opinion of the clam's mentality. In common parlance, clam is synonymous with fool; and indeed he is the Nabal of bivalves; folly remaineth with him. Why else should he reveal his presence to his human enemy by spouting thin jets of water through his proboscis? A truly wise beast like the oyster or the mussel remains passive and undemonstrative at the approach of danger. The clam would seem to be of a nervous, excitable temperament. The approach of the spade compressing his muddy home apparently angers or frightens him, and he spouts in a sort of hysterical fury. Can it be that he thinks he is defending himself by putting out the rash beholder's eye? Or insulting him by spitting in his face? The popular advice not to be a clam is justified by the observed facts.

The happiness of the clam, especially at high water, has also passed into a proverb. Perhaps it is because he is a fool that he is happy in his unreflecting way. Pessimism and *Weltschmerz* have passed him by. Of course, at high water the clam is safe from his human enemies, which may be the ground for his rejoicing.

Finis coronat opus. At last the bucket is filled. A little stream that pursues its own course across the sands makes a convenient wash-hand basin. The reward of the persistent clammer looms near. Supper is no longer a far-off divine event. Presently he will sit down to the table with tranquil nerves, braced muscles, and even-flowing blood; before him will steam the soup-plate of ambrosia called chowder; he will forget the toilsome spade and the heavy clay; he will think only of the comfortable creature which tastes as no purchased or market clam could possibly taste.

In the Driftway

WHAT will happen to race purity now that Vardaman has been defeated for the Senate? With American negroes learning to shoot, and winning the highest praise—praise even beyond that conferred on their white comrades-in-arms—by their fighting in France, and this disappearance from public life of its most solemn champion, Anglo-Saxon race integrity is in a sorry way. Our colored people everywhere are wickedly rejoicing over the news from Mississippi, and are thinking better of Woodrow Wilson for his share in the Vardaman *débâcle* than ever before. Like Tillman, Vardaman rode into power upon the backs of the negroes by defaming, abusing, and vilifying them. He is one of the last of the passing generation of politicians to seek office, in the absence of a local issue, by damning the colored men, who certainly would not be fighting loyally for their country were they one-tenth as bad as this arch-demagogue painted them. In a previous campaign Vardaman drove into Jackson in a cart drawn by twelve white oxen, and attended by numerous vestal virgins clad, like himself, in spotless white—all this to save Mississippi from negro domination! Fortunately, in the gravity of the present hour such buffoonery is impossible; he was tried by the voters and found wanting. However much, on principle, the President's interference in the primary is to be regretted, no one anywhere will say a word on behalf of the long-haired *poseur* whom Mr. Wilson helped to defeat. Intellectually his disappearance from the Sen-

ate is no loss whatever to that august body; he will leave no utterance worth preserving, and there will be no resolutions of regret from any source.

* * * *

Charles M. Schwab's great success in winning the enthusiastic support of the shipyard workers is largely due to his own unaffected boyishness. Whatever his failings, he is a simple, big-hearted, kindly man without any pretence or the slightest suggestion of purse-pride. Wealth has not affected him; he likes nothing so much—except a good game of poker—as to tell a joke on himself, and his sense of humor is quite unspoiled. He has the rare quality of making men feel that they are working with and not for him, and his employees never forget that he was once one of them and worked his way up. When he said last winter that the day of multi-millionaires like himself was being ended by the war, and that the workingmen would rule hereafter, he was violently assailed by the conservative press and by most of his business associates. But he has not recanted in the least and still holds to the same view. When the war is over the work that he has done will reflect the greatest credit upon himself and his country.

* * * *

What of Gutzon Borglum? Now that the Senate sub-committee has decided that he was neither a lunatic nor a humbug, but well within the facts in charging that the first aircraft appropriation of \$640,000,000 was practically wasted, it would seem as if some sort of recognition of his initiation of the whole inquiry ought to be given to him. But will it? To date not one of the newspapers which abused him so roundly has, to our knowledge, as much as mentioned his name. Perhaps they are waiting for the Hughes report as to whether there was any criminality. Even if that should sustain his allegations further, we expect no justice for him or reference to the service rendered. All that the sculptor-in-politics is likely to get out of it is the attack upon his own character which the Government sponsored. Now, he may have been guilty of wrong himself; none the less it seems to us as if even the President, who originally appointed him his investigator, ought in some wise to recognize the service he is now shown to have actually rendered. Mr. Borglum is a man of passionate feelings inclined to eccentricity; it is certain that the kind of treatment he is receiving will cut deep with him. But that is the fate of reformers, particularly of those who reveal inefficiency and waste in high places.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

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Correspondence

Camouflage Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to offer a few remarks in connection with Mr. Charles de Kay's article in your issue of July 27. The Italian verb *camuffare* occurs in Florio's "Worlde of Wordes" (1598), where it is defined as follows: "To stare, to swagger, to riot, to reuell, to ruffle it out, to deale roughlie, to pack craftilie. Also to put one out of countenance. Also to smooth stones."

The corresponding noun *camuffo* is explained in the following way: "A man out of countenance, having lost his speech for shame, or else made a fool or a gull, and then laught at by others."

The nearest approach to this word in Celtic is—so far as my knowledge goes—the Breton *camaff*, which is rendered by Lagadeuc (Le Catholicon, 1499) into French and Latin as follows: "faire courbe, curnare. Item obliquare, obliquer, faire de trauers."

As to the word *camooch* in English, I must say I never came across it, and Mr. de Kay will perhaps favor us with a few definite references to it.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT

Worcester, Mass., July 26

Poe's Relationship to Boswell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* of April, 1918, signed "C.," Northampshire, U. S. A., asks about the relationship of Admiral Macbride (sister, Jane Macbride, wife of John Poe of Dring, County Cavan, Ireland) to Peggy Montgomerie, wife of James Boswell, biographer of Samuel Johnson.

Mr. R. M. Hogg, of Irvine, Scotland, an authority, seems able to answer this clearly. He writes me:

In Boswell's Memoirs is the following note: "The M.P. of Plymouth (Admiral Macbride) is the cousin of his wife (*i. e.*), Boswell's wife, and the friend of his heart. Among the wearing rings left by his will (Boswell's) to friends was one 'to Captain John Macbride, R.N.' James Boswell, of Auchenleck, Ayrshire, married Margaret (Peggy) Montgomerie, of Lainshaw, Ayrshire (seven miles from Irvine). She was Boswell's cousin. They were married at Lainshaw in 1769. Peggy was a daughter of David Laing, of Montgomerie, who succeeded to Lainshaw on the death, without issue, of his uncle, James Montgomerie (died 1726), a brother of his mother, Jean Montgomerie, of Lainshaw, who had married the Rev. Alex. Laing, rector of Donaghadee, County Down, Ireland. David Laing, who adopted the name Montgomerie, married Veronica Boswell, of Auchenbeck, who was the aunt of James Boswell. If Admiral Macbride was cousin (and Boswell says so) to Peggy Montgomerie, then a sister of the Admiral's must have married a Laing, and it is generally agreed by Poe biographers that Jane Macbride, wife of John Poe (great-grandmother of E. A. Poe), was a sister; so that Boswell's wife—an Ayrshire lady native adjacent to Irvine—was a cousin of Poe's great-grandmother."

The early ancestry of Poe, now under close investigation, has revealed other important and interesting results. Miss M. E. Phillips, of Boston, in a forthcoming illustrated volume on Poe shortly to be published, will correct many errors in Poe's early ancestral published record and give much that is new and important in this connection. An early book of tragedies which I have coming from the "Ellis & Allan Papers," part of which collection is in the Library

of Congress, contains in faint pencil marks the maiden name of Poe's mother, Elizabeth Arnold. While the handwriting resembles Poe's, still I am inclined to the belief that it may be that of his mother. In one of the plays printed in this volume entitled "Tamerlane," as performed at London, appeared in the cast an actor named Mr. Arnold. He is presumed to have been some relative of Poe's mother, and the following up of this lead has brought some results.

Mr. R. M. Hogg, after untiring research, has now brought to light many English records of Poe's grandmother, Mrs. Arnold, found in London newspapers, among them one in which she appears in an opera called "The Maid of the Mill," written by her relative, Dr. Samuel Arnold. Her marriage record is also believed to have been found. The London records now being searched reveal such names as Arnold, Tubbs (the name of Mrs. Arnold's second husband), and Hopkins, the name of Mrs. Poe's first husband. The cloud that has surrounded the early history of Poe's maternal ancestry promises to clear away. J. H. WHITTY

Richmond, Va., August 3

Lindens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article on "Lindens" in the *Nation* of August 3, the name of whitewood by which the linden is often called in some parts, at least, of New England, is not mentioned by Mr. MacMechan, perhaps because the term whitewood is commonly or chiefly associated with the wood of the tulip tree, often wrongly called basswood.

I wonder whether the author knows that in parts of England, where the seasons are a bit earlier than in Germany, the linden blossoms in August and diffuses its pleasant fragrance most strongly at "dewy eve," like many other plants which shun the strong sunlight. This habit is most noticeable, perhaps, in the night jasmine, which sometimes is so fragrant as to compel the closing of the windows against it if it is close to the house.

I think it is slightly inaccurate to say that the word linden was used in early English to denote a shield of linden wood, or covered with bast. The Early English form was, apparently, *lind*, linden being the adjective which seems to be the source of our modern noun *linden*. The frequency of the term in recent use seems to be due to the influence of the German plural *linden*, or the compound *lindenbaum*, in the romances translated into English. Yet all this is really immaterial to the charming little record of the association of the name.

F. STURGES ALLEN

New York, August 6

Is Permanent Peace Possible?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For permanent peace we are pouring out blood and treasure prodigally. One other requisite remains: we must pour out thought—not one or two leaders, but all the people.

Is "everybody doing it"? Do we all even consider what causes war? If it is true that its causes are at least threefold, economic, racial, religious, are we prepared to sacrifice any of our pet prejudices? What are some of these? (1) Economic: that *we* must have "the balance of trade" in *our* favor; that *our* products must find a world market while we try to exclude, as far as may be, those of other

nations. (2) Racial: that *ours* is the nation that is, was, and ever must and shall be dominant by divine decree over all. (3) Religious: that my particular definition of the Infinite is the only possible true definition, and at all hazards I must make others accept it.

Has not the time come to cease this "compassing of sea and land to make one proselyte"? Can we not have a one-world world-creed, Love, and truly believe in the Golden Rule?

EDWARD BERWICK

Pacific Grove, Cal., July 25

"Sarbit"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The word "sarbit" appears in the New English Dictionary, in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, and elsewhere. It is defined as an exclamation of sorrow. Jamieson discusses it thus:

"This exclamation may have originally expressed the sensation of pain; for Isl. *saerbit-r* signifies *exacerbatus, exulcerans*, (Verel.). Or it may be viewed as a sort of imprecation, *sair* be it! like *weary fa'*, Aberd; q. 'sorrow take it'; A.-S. Isl. *sar, dolor*. Dan. *saer*, however, denotes anything singular or wonderful; *saert, mirè*, surprisingly."

In spite of this learned discussion I strongly suspect that "sarbit" has no rightful place in any dictionary; in short, I doubt if there is such a word. It is known only from the ballad of "Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet" (Number 66 in Child's Collection). I believe that in the one version of this ballad where it occurs it has been printed, by a misreading of Herd's MS., for "far be it." The old-fashioned long *s* was often confused with *f*, and "bit" for "be it" is not hard to explain. Moreover, the spelling of this ballad is somewhat indifferent. We have, for instance, *maid* for *made*, *bours* for *bowers*, *robs* for *robes*, *sen* for *seven*, *cuk* for *cook*, *our* for *over*, *ene* for *even*, *bit* for *but*, and the like.

As for the sense, "far be it" fits admirably. The lines in which "sarbit" appears are these, from stanzas 33 and 34—

"O sarbit," says the Lady Maisdrey,
'That ever the like me befa, ...'"

and

"O sarbit," says the lady Maisdrey,
'That ever the like me betide, ...'"

It is quite true that at the present time the common idiom is "far be it from me," and not "far be it that." But the existence of the latter idiom as early as 1623 is established by the following lines from the second part of "King Henry VI," Act IV, Scene 1, l. 123 ff.:

[Suffolk]

"Far be it we should honor such as these
With humble suit. No, rather let my head
Stoop to the block." etc.

Until the word *sarbit* is found outside of this one ballad (and the dictionaries), I shall prefer my emendation.

Cambridge, Mass., April 6

BEN. C. CLOUGH

Shakespeare on Germanophobia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the following bit from the Second Part of "King Henry VI" (Act IV, Sc. ii), for French read German:

Cade— . . . Fellow-Kings, . . . he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Stafford—O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade—Nay, answer if you can; the Frenchmen are our enemies, go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All—No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

B. Q. MORGAN

New Haven, Conn., July 27

BOOKS

Chateaubriand's America

L'Exotisme américain dans l'œuvre de Chateaubriand. By Gilbert Chinard. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

THIS study is significant, first because it is the farthest wave in a succession which has washed away Chateaubriand's footprints from the lands of the Mississippi and of the Natchez. Twenty years ago, Professor Bédier was the Crusoe who discovered with a start that the said footprints were *not* there. And though the question has been much agitated lately, it really appears that in spite of all his claims Chateaubriand never went south of the Ohio. As Professor Chinard once wrote, since "it was not across the continent of America that Chateaubriand accomplished his tour, it must have been in the works of his predecessors."

In demonstrating the difficulties of the supposed Southern journey, as well as in tracing the clear-cut sources thereof, Messrs. Bédier and Chinard follow the same methods. Chateaubriand simply did not have time, in the one hundred days elapsing between his visit to Niagara and his reëmbarkation at Philadelphia on December 10, 1791, to cover the ground so majestically depicted in his "Voyage en Amérique," "Atala," and "Les Natchez." Consequently, he drew largely from the narratives of other travellers, Jesuit fathers, natural historians—such as the Père Charlevoix, Bartram, Carver, and, Professor Chinard adds, Imlay's "Topographical Description of the Western Territory." Not the least interesting feature of the careful and convincing parallels displayed is to observe how the artist's hand transforms his material, both by poetizing the description and by the injection of promiscuous personal souvenirs.

But the present volume has also another significance. It is the crown of a series in which the author has studied the foreign conception of America, the "exotic dream," from the sixteenth century down. If the old adventurers, *conquistadors* or Puritans or buccaneers, seek a romantic escape to the Happy Isles, they yet "wish to realize an ancient ideal under a new sky"; exoticism as a real emotion and sentiment appears fully only when two civilizations are contrasted in an unquiet soul. After the *voyageur*, the artist; after the Utopian, the doubter. To carry the lure of distance to its literary climax, "it was necessary that René should discover the New World."

What he discovered has long been known and is open to fresh interpretation chiefly in so far as Chateaubriand himself becomes more clearly revealed, or as his account of things primeval is substantiated by contemporary records. In both these directions Professor Chinard's analysis is masterly. Chateaubriand left France haunted by sea-dreams from his Breton boyhood, haunted, too, by the vision of an indefinite "sylphide," the star of his romantic reveries. Emphasis is laid on the more practical object of his voyage, which was nothing less than to discover the famous northwest passage. This was shortly abandoned, together with the wild notion of travelling to the Far West with an elaborate caravan. Disillusioned with mercantile Philadelphia and disappointed by a cool reception from George Washington, the "explorer is transformed into a tourist," and literary ideas probably begin to take the upper hand. The boat trip from New York to Albany and the Iroquois trail on to Niagara are described with parallels from other travellers.

Chateaubriand's first "reactions" to savage nature and the soul-state of the deliberate exile from civilization are "controlled" from the memoirs of Daniel Boone. (Here one may compare Cooper's "Leatherstocking.") It was near Niagara that the Frenchman probably met the Indian females who appear in various guises in his later narratives.

From here on the "Voyage" becomes purposely vague. There are clear indications that Chateaubriand went as far as Pittsburgh. Perhaps he embarked on the Ohio, though Professor Bédier thinks not; but he could not have reached the Mississippi, since the whole country was in insurrection, communication exceedingly difficult, and since he makes no mention of important events and conditions then obtaining. John Carver was Chateaubriand's source for his description of the Great Lakes; Bartram for Florida; Imlay for ninety per cent. of the Ohio and Upper Mississippi country. Both Bédier and Chinard dwell on the extent to which Chateaubriand was his own source; how he transformed his early note-takings and memories. It seems that his imagination was most readily set in motion by the written page, his own or another's.

That process began shortly after his return to Europe. During the years of fighting and exile, by camp-fires and near his English sweetheart and in the solitude of London, his visions of American vastness and his embellishment of Indian maidens proceeded apace. Furthermore, René was born. That melancholy, disillusioned dreamer, perpetually at war between his native and his exotic ideals, composed "Atala" and "Les Natchez" from a huge *dossier* of American notes.

The last chapters of Professor Chinard's study are particularly well balanced and interesting. They concern the local color and the treatment of Indian character in "Les Natchez" and "Atala" respectively. It may seem surprising that these features are viewed as being carefully "documented" and in all probability true to fact. For "Les Natchez" contemporary records were used and respected both as regards the central subject and the treatment of customs, costumes, scenery. Allowing for a certain admixture, in the style, of neo-classical epic imitation, Professor Chinard contends that we have here a real historical reconstitution, suggesting the almost scientific method of Flaubert's "Salammbô." Drawing especially from Lafitau and Charlevoix, Chateaubriand vivifies his dry material by the use of spectacular and sentimental effects.

Are the Indian characters equally "after nature"? With due submission to the scholarly critic, we feel that the difference here is the difference between an *omelette nature* and an *omelette aux fines herbes*—the latter being more adapted to the taste of Chateaubriand and his readers. But Professor Chinard does plausibly argue that whereas the eighteenth century was disposed to exaggerate the "goodness" of the savage, the later nineteenth has probably exaggerated his badness. Celuta, in love with René, seems really Indian in her sentiments: her animal devotion to her husband, her fear of disappointing him with a daughter, and other instinctive feelings. Then came her (French) classical struggle between love and duty and the romantic frenzy of her final exit. Various elements appear in this bronzed heroine; some from the "sylphide," some from literature, more perhaps from reality. Mila is esteemed somewhat less real by the critic himself. The gist of the exotic problem is seen in the character and situation of René. How will a bored analyst act and feel among savages? The theme is pushed

to its farthest probabilities in his complicated ebb and flow from the civilized to the savage life and back again. Chateaubriand is surely more "psychological" than Cooper.

But "Atala" is the chief episode, the supreme gem of exoticism. Authentic sources are called in to justify its picturesque coloring. They justify even the touches that have been so much ridiculed—the green serpents, the blue herons, the red flamingoes, and the drunken bears! Somewhere or other, in vast savannahs or ultimate "Floridas," it appears that these creatures actually existed. Here, as elsewhere, Chateaubriand seems better informed, says M. Chinard, than many of his critics. In general, his splendid and luxuriant descriptions of nature are borne out by the records. Manners and customs, again, have been traced to their sources. The local color is artistically harmonized. In character content "Atala" is peculiarly rich; the heroine herself, Chactas, and the Père Aubry each has a long literary descent. The exotic theme is modernized by the introduction of Christian sentiments into the wild heart of this maiden; and generally the fascination of Chateaubriand is due to his depiction of modern struggles against a magnificent background. Though nostalgia finally called him home and placed his tomb by his favorite sea, his literary triumphs are probably due, above all, to the vogue of his exotic longings and wanderings.

"The Eloquent Centre of All Companies"

The Table Talk and Omniana of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
New York: Oxford University Press.

THE modern reader, aware of Coleridge's great reputation as "the eloquent centre of all companies" and looking into his "Table Talk" for proofs of it, will be sorely disappointed. He will ask himself, "On what was this great reputation built?" and, like Antony, he will be constrained to pause for a reply. Possibly the only answer is, "On a contemporary habit of mind, and filial piety." The present reprint appears without any attempt to revalue the book. The original preface of H. N. Coleridge is reprinted. It is notable for being a counterblast to De Quincey's ill-natured criticisms. There is a laudatory extract from an article on "Great Talkers" by Coventry Patmore. But neither the one nor the other assists the modern world perceptibly to a correct estimate of the book and why it has been so esteemed.

A striking fact is that the bulk of these opinions were expressed and recorded between 1830 and 1834, the last four years of Coleridge's life, in what may be called his decadence. It was the time of vigorous new movements in politics, in religion, in literature, and to all Coleridge presents a front of hopeless obscurantism. From pantisocracy and preaching in Unitarian pulpits in a blue coat with brass buttons on such themes as the hair-powder tax, he had swung round to traditional Christianity and rank Toryism in politics. Catholic emancipation, admission of Dissenters to the universities, Lord Grey's Reform bill, all came in for his anathema. Those who think of the venerable sage of Highgate as a mellifluous droner of an incomprehensible philosophy will be startled at the vigor of his comminations. For example: "The Roman Catholic Emancipation act—carried in the violent and, in fact, unprincipled manner it was—was in effect a Surinam toad; and the Reform bill, the Dissenters' admission to the universities, and the attack on

the Church, are so many toadlets, one after another detaching themselves from the parent brute." His phrases of dislike certainly do not lack vivacity. "A faction banded together like obscene dogs and cats and serpents" describes those who would open the universities to others than members of the Church of England. Consistent opponent of everything democratic, he pours contempt on popular education. Scornfully he demands: "Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents?" In towns, under present conditions, he adds, "such schools may be a justifiable expedient—a choice of the lesser evil"; but the system must not be extended to the country. In literature the star of Tennyson had just arisen. Of the consummate master of metrics he wrote originally, "As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses." And Coleridge is a shining light of the Romantic movement! He added the ludicrous advice that Tennyson should write "for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet." Another dictum which is solemnly recorded (p. 115) runs: "The faults of the Puritans were many; but surely their morality will, in general, bear comparison with that of the Cavaliers after the Restoration." Such opinions handed down for our admiration would seem to justify Max Beerbohm's wicked caricature in his *Reminiscences of S. T. C.* "table-talking" with the whole Round Table sound asleep and Carlyle's etched portrait (in aquafortis).

Modern science, philosophy, and Biblical research have played havoc with Coleridge's ideas and theories. The world has moved on. If he could have had his way, England would still be the land of rotten boroughs, sinecures, pluralism, corn laws, and starving, illiterate masses. And yet there are flashes here of the genius that gave the world "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." It was S. T. C. who coined the term "other-worldliness," and the epigram, "Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist."

A Partisan History

The Birth of Russian Democracy. By A. J. Sack. New York: Russian Information Bureau.

THREE things make a good historian, besides the indispensable knowledge of facts: method, impartiality, imagination. All three are lacking in this new history of the Russian revolution.

As a collection of facts the book may have its value to the student of the Russian revolution. It contains, especially in its second half, which deals with the period March–November, 1917, a number of documents, declarations, resolutions, speeches, appeals, expressing more or less vividly the frame of mind and the aspirations of various organizations and individuals active in that gigantic upheaval. Taken separately and collectively, this mass of newspaper clippings, hastily joined by a few explanatory notes, represents raw material which an intelligent reader may be interested to run through, as it will give him more than the newspaper accounts of a year ago. Some of the material, such as the appeals of the Provisional Government to the disintegrating army, or the last speech of Kerensky before his downfall, make fascinating reading.

Yet the reader who wishes more than a superficial nar-

rative as to how one Cabinet succeeded the other and how the declaration of each Cabinet was worded, the reader who desires to understand the amazing twists of the revolution and the actual forces behind the Cabinets, the Soviets, and the various parties, will find very little in this big volume. Here the lack of method makes itself manifest. Apparently the author has not even thought it within his realm to inquire what was the cause of the revolution, what was the great tide that carried on its crest the various political formations, or what was fundamental and what accidental in that startling confusion of events. It is not easy, of course, to deal with a current revolution; it may be as yet impossible to solve many problems for lack of material and historical perspective; but the historian should not make his task too easy by ignoring the vital issues. That is exactly what Mr. Sack has done in his book, and that is what makes the reading of his matter far less profitable than it should be. He sees in the present revolution only the passing, ephemeral political conflagrations. He copies numbers of speeches that often repeated the same idea or defended the same programme, but why did he not give us a picture of a Russian village in the time of revolution, or a description of the soldiers' life at the front, or a sketch of the currents of thought and feeling in a big city?

The lack of all this must be ascribed partly to want of imagination. Mr. Sack was not in Russia at the time of the revolution, and his imagination does not carry him beyond the surface of political events. He gives the speeches of a Milyukov, Gutchkov, Tzeretelli, or Tchernov without attempting to show the differences between the political coloring of those leaders or the groups they represented. The American reader, unfamiliar with the details of Russian political life, must necessarily arrive at the conclusion that Kornilov and Kaledine were the great patriots and that there was hardly any difference between Savinkov, Plekhanov, or Rodzianko. That means that the author draws no clear picture even of the surface of revolutionary events.

If we may not blame the author too much for lack of imagination and defects of method, one thing should at least be requested of an historian, and that is fairness. Mr. Sack is a partisan of Kerensky's Cabinet. In writing a history of the revolution we might, however, expect him to forget his political affiliations and to follow the rule of *audiat et altera pars*. This he refuses to do. Though he cannot deny that there was a constant struggle between the Kerensky Government and the Bolsheviks, yet of the three hundred pages devoted to the revolution of 1917 about two hundred and eighty pages are occupied with material relating to the anti-Bolshevist forces, and only about four are devoted to some of the Bolshevik speeches or writings. The reader who, for the sake of knowledge, would like to understand the Bolshevik programme or the Bolshevik ideology, is left unsatisfied. Not one document, not one complete appeal, not one characteristic resolution that would shed light on the new turn in the Russian revolution, is reproduced in the volume. Instead of this purely scientific desideratum, the author gives vent to his temper, devoting a few pages at the end of his book to denunciation of the Bolsheviks. In thus deviating from his own practice of commenting little and letting documents speak, the author may have satisfied his own feelings, but the impartial American reader to whom truth is above party disputes would have been more grateful had the author given the anti-Kerensky movement a square deal by not suppressing the

material necessary for its understanding. As it is, the book bears all the earmarks of a partisan history of the revolution, which, in spite of its bulk and of some valuable material, will hardly add to our understanding of what took place.

A Suggestive Philosophy

A Defence of Idealism. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2 net.

AS an artist having a preoccupation with philosophy, Miss Sinclair's "A Defence of Idealism" defines the bond between the two interests. Artist and philosopher alike are remote from the demand for action, withal absorbed in building out of the fragmentary, illusory data of perception a choate world, which, for all their fabrications, is essentially real. Indeed, the author's criticisms of various schools, more particularly of the new realism, is founded on her insistence on the *libido*, the unsatisfied, immortal will crying after more life, alike in the self-duplicating amoeba and the modern mystic.

Miss Sinclair feels a violence laid on her humor and intelligence

When infant Science makes a pleasant face
And waves again that hollow toy, the Race.

Agreeing with Samuel Butler that racial memory assists the individual to maintain himself, she emphasizes his importance as the distinguished bearer of those qualities which evolve the race. The survival of the fittest, instead of being, as critics of the evolutionary hypothesis declare, a survival of the survivors, is, she maintains, the survival of the desirous.

The ensuing demolition of respectable philosophies, including idealism, subjective and objective, may bewilder a convinced reader. But it is from the ruins of the new realism that Miss Sinclair draws the stones whereof she builds her own fortress. The former, based on the laws of symbolic logic, is fairly impregnable to the layman, to whom the author opens her gates. But certain fundamental disagreements and similarities are offered for brief consideration. The contested point is that at which the complete truth may be said to have been reached. Granting a pluralistic and largely spectacular universe, the monist asks "how there *can* be multiplicity without something that multiplies itself, or change without something that persists throughout change." This underlying reality he conceives to be spirit. Failing to analyze the willing, thinking, energizing individual self, he declares it to be inexplicable without the assumption of an absolute, self-subsisting self, whose spiritual energies might well evolve this universe and its spectators.

So summary a disposal of detailed and intricate arguments is manifestly unfair. But in spite of her admittedly rigorous intellectual honesty, on certain points the author fails to satisfy even the amateur realist. Except on highly speculative grounds it is difficult to admit one ultimate reality, a spiritual universal. She nowhere answers her own criticism of an absolute reality, an infinite self, which makes itself known through an infinite number of finite appearances. Another, if lesser, weakness is her treatment of the problem of evil. To declare that it is merely a logical function of knowledge, possibly not real in the Absolute, does not dispose of it. Goodness may be nothing

more, in an Absolute absolutely evil, a possibility not unthinkable in view of the appearances through which it manifests itself. Finally, the author has disregarded the extremely interesting controversies of the new positivists.

Her universe, however, is worth attention and speculation. She has used the weapons of her opponents in her own defence, and her truth, despite the absolute reality postulated, is pragmatic and capable of yielding to new knowledge. What is fundamental in her system is its insistence on the rebellious individual carving out new paths for a race which preserves the riches thus accumulated. Her apprehension of the world as philosopher, like her retrieval of experience as artist, is precious because of its emphasis on life as the condition, if not the end, of all physical, intellectual, and spiritual endeavor.

Tale and Sketch

In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians. By Ambrose Bierce. New York: Boni & Liveright.

The Land Where the Sunsets Go: Sketches of the American Desert. By Orville H. Leonard. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

From Their Galleries. By A. Donald Douglas. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

The Eastern Window. By Sidney Williams. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Cheerful—By Request. By Edna Ferber. New York.

AMBROSE BIERCE was a writer of high ambitions and uncommon powers, who never quite reached his mark and is already half-forgotten. At his best, he comes nearer than any other to the company of Hawthorne and Poe. This collection of tales was first printed in 1891, with the following preface by the author: "Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant, of this city [San Francisco]. In attesting Mr. Steele's faith in his judgment and his friend, it will serve its author's main and best ambition." More than half these stories come straight from Bierce's experience as an officer in the Civil War. Like the others, they deal pretty monotonously with blood and terror and death. No doubt the chief publishing houses of the early nineties dismissed the book as "morbid." Taken as a whole, it is morbid, and rather tiresome as well—a supper of horrors too long drawn out. Even the four or five among these tales which are touched with tragic pity and terror are compromised by their enforced fellowship with stories which are mere grewsome inventions. No modern realism has rendered more ruthlessly the bloody items of war: "The greater part of the forehead was torn away, and from the jagged hole the brain protruded, overflowing the temple, a frothy mass of gray, crowned with clusters of crimson bubbles—the mark of a shell." The grisly, the ironic, the macabre, are more frequently achieved than the tragic. Now and then, however, as in "Chickamauga," the story of the deaf and dumb child playing among the horrors of war till dreadfully awakened to their reality, a deep and haunting note is struck. On the whole, the tales rest their effect too much on the surprise ending which Bierce, before "O. Henry," somewhat overemployed. Yet he does not eschew the simpler kind of narrative condemned by current magazine editors as the "sketch."

It is pleasant to find once and again among new books of fiction a writer who dares (or can afford) to cultivate this antiquating form. If a tale or a "short-story" must always be faceted like a diamond or rounded like a marble, even "the public" may react, sooner or later, in favor of freer and more natural ways of expression. The avowed "sketches of the American Desert" in "The Land Where the Sunsets Go" are refreshing because they make no attempt to conform to the conventions of frontier fiction. They are, if you like, the materials of fiction: little pictures and brief anecdotes of the places and people the writer has lived among, and lived with. He has an eye for color and detail, and courage to paint the desert as if it had not been photographed and chromolithographed long ago. Some of his sketches are supposed to be in prose and some in verse. Unluckily, the singsong of metre has mastered his ear. Whether the prose numbers were written as verse and the author was persuaded to convert them, and could not, or whether he is honestly unaware of their metrical character, the result is unfortunate.

Over the sagebrush, greasewood, cactus spires, there hangs the last light of the dying sun, transparent, tarnished gold. . . . Then from the sky, now turned to palest green, comes circling down from some mysterious height the big bird's mate, lighting with swift, sure drop upon the other horn.

Or if not the wooden iambus, here is the jiggling anapaest to flutter and muddle our "prose": "In a land where distance is measured by the time it takes to consume 'six cigareets an' a couple o' quids,' tobacco is surely King." A deficient sense of rhythm lies behind this sort of helpless addiction to metre, and is felt as plainly if less unpleasingly in the often spirited and picturesque verses that are printed as verses between these covers. This is, at worst, a book of warm fancy and manly feeling.

"From Their Galleries" is a series of pale, not over-wholesome, "literary" sketches, in a pretentious amateurish style which pretty well went out of public circulation during the nineties. We had hoped so, at all events, for of such-like, self-conscious, precious inanity the world has little enough need or desire. The author has nothing to say, and seeks refuge in a sort of feeble self-induced delirium of words. The most stirring moment in these pages is the moment at which the dreamer and his dream-mate are interrupted at the moment of consummation.

"The Eastern Window" is a rather long story-sketch in the form of a supposed letter of a youngish Bostonian at the front to the woman who might have been his betrothed if he had been able to muster the energy needed for suggesting that relation. This again is a somewhat mincing and white-corpuscle demonstration of the sophisticated heart in action. The young man rehearses the story of his mild yearnings and hesitations, his backings and fillings, how he talked of the literary weather when he should have been taking his lady to his bosom; how "minutes that should have been like golden drops went by in superfluous demonstration. It was all so futile. . . ." He has ridden away without committing himself, has been somewhat roused by war, begins to put himself on paper. He feels increasingly drawn to the lady by distance and separation and (to put it crudely) is pleased and relieved at the news of her death, which frees him from any sort of obligation in the flesh.

To this kind of over-lettered and flimsy product one must frankly prefer the pabulum of the populace, in such supe-

rior form as it takes in the hands of story-tellers like Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber. Miss Ferber has her annoying mannerisms, the scrap of jaunty, machine-made "philosophy" with which she usually sets out; the patter about the writing job and the different ways of going at it, exactly paralleled by the jests of the vaudeville performer about his fellow-performers, his own "turn," his earnings, etc.; the frequent assertion that she has no proper story to tell, but only an incident or sketch to set down without art. The implication of this last admission is that only a writer of her assured market can "get away with" such insubordination. In fact, though certain of these tales do actually lack the conventional architectonic of magazine fiction to the extent of the rigid climax-impasse-dénouement structure and surprise finish, they stick religiously to the snappy, talky style of commerce. Most of them are studies of middle-aged women who struggle against all odds for usefulness and some measure of content.

Worse than Alcohol

Drink. Revised and enlarged edition. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1 net.

The Triangle of Health. By Alma C. Arnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25 net.

A FEW years ago Vance Thompson wrote a little book, "Eat and Grow Thin," which was bought by thousands of the individuals who are eager to lose weight without reducing their rations. It was followed by another volume, "Drink and Be Sober," which was a misleading title because it suggested that its author probably approved of moderate drinking and light beverages like wine, beer, and cider. But Vance Thompson disapproves violently of alcoholic drinks of every variety and dilution. To him alcohol is the poison of poisons, and in its new edition his book has therefore been more appropriately offered with the simple title "Drink." It is one of the most relentless diatribes ever penned against indulgence in liquor.

What alcohol does to a man, paralyzing his faculties, from the highest down; how it shortens his life by a decade or more, diminishes his chances of employment, reduces his efficiency, leads to poverty and squalor—all this is set forth eloquently and with direct testimony from insurance and sanitary documents. The moderate drinker isn't much better than the toper. Cider is worse than wine, more fatally active than beer, making "the nastiest kind of physical drunkenness." As for the effect of beer, "a sane discussion with a beer-distorted Teuton is quite impossible. . . . argument, for him, is a mere series of emotional explosions." The author riddles with his machine gun the California wine propagandists, the "beer is food" advocates, the brown-bottle artifice. He points out that nine-tenths of the crime in this country comes from the two billions a year we spend on as many gallons of drink, and intimates that prohibition would release 84 per cent. of our police forces for other duties. He goes so far as to accuse epicures of being hypocrites in claiming that what makes them addicted to fine wines is the bouquet; but in this he is mistaken.

Could anything be worse than the alcohol the evils of which are here set forth so luridly? Aye—three things there are which are even more objectionable, if we may believe the author of "The Triangle of Health." "The

greatest evil to combat, with both my family and my patients," she says, "has always been sweets. After that, strong coffee, meat, and, only in a fourth degree, alcohol." "If," she adds, "one-half the energy spent upon prohibition were spent upon a right dietary, our national health would be improved to an astonishing degree."

In these days of sugar rationing it is a real comfort to believe that Hooverism is a blessing in disguise because it mitigates the evil effects of consuming too much sweetening. Moderate drinking is harmful only when the function of the kidneys is impaired; but in that case, "how much more should sugar be excluded!" exclaims our author. It starts fermentation, fills the system with gases, and creates the dyspeptic grouch, who is quite as bad as the toper. Sugar is bad, also, because in the refining process strong sulphuric and other poisons are used. Combined with vegetables or fruits, sugar "becomes a greater poison in our system than whiskey," yet most people spoil their fruit and berries with this drugged sugar of commerce. Dr. Arnold tells about a strapping big man who, after a day's tramp, was "worn to a frazzle," whereas she and her sister appeared at the dinner table rested and in good spirits. His greatest mistake was eating too much sugar with acid fruits and milk. Adopting her advice on this point, he was a changed man in a few days.

Dr. Arnold is an exponent of the art of chiropractic, which seeks to cure various diseases, and to ward off old age, by treatment of the spine. She has made improvements in that art which won the approval of its originator. Osteopaths also specialize in spinal manipulation, but, in her opinion, "the worst chiropractor is better than the best osteopath." For the painful wrench of the latter she has substituted an easy thrust that moves each vertebra along the whole spine. But while convinced that chiropractic spells the *ne plus ultra* of all healing sciences to-day, she admits that too much is often claimed for it. It must be supplemented by other therapeutic and hygienic measures, particularly a rational diet; accordingly, the bulk of her book is devoted to a system of dietetics that has much to commend it. All diseases, she believes, are manufactured in the stomach. Her recipes for gaining five pounds a week on whole-wheat bread alone, or losing as much by eating only one dish at a time, as well as her stretching exercises, are worth trying.

I Cannot Grieve, Though Lovely Things Must Fade

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I CANNOT grieve, though lovely things must fade;
 Though winsome flowers must wither in their prime,
 Though skies in rose-and-golden light arrayed
 Must don a cowl of gray with vesper's chime.
 I cannot grieve, though Beauty's forms must pass
 Like silver wavelets by a reedy shore,
 Though bright eyes be as dew, and flesh as grass,
 And sweetest music, fled, comes back no more.
 For Beauty does not perish with the spring,
 Nor can harsh winter chill her glowing heart;
 Her fate hangs not on any transient thing,
 But in the Everlasting she hath part.
 Trust thou thy soul, but not thine ear and eye;
 Her forms may pass, but Beauty doth not die.

Notes

IN September the Macmillan Company will publish "The Disabled Soldier," by Douglas C. McMurtrie.

"Japanese Prints," by John Gould Fletcher, and "Anglo-phobia," by J. G. Cook, are announced for autumn publication by the Four Seas Company.

September publications of John W. Luce & Company are announced as follows: "A Diary Without Dates," by Enid Bagnold; "The Technique of the One Act Play," by Professor B. Rowland Lewis; "The Path of the Modern Russian Stage," by Alexander Bakshy.

"The Young Woman Citizen," by Mary Austin, will be published on September 15 by the Woman's Press.

Among the autumn publications of Henry Holt & Company are the following volumes: "Home Fires in France," by Dorothy Canfield; "Firecracker Jane," by Alice Calhoun Haines; "Almanzar," by J. Frank Davis; "The Old Madhouse," by William De Morgan; "Outcasts in Beulah Land, and Other Poems," by Ray Helton; "The People's Theatre," by Romain Rolland; "Magic Pictures of Long Ago," by Anna Curtis Chandler.

The September publications of Robert M. McBride & Company include: "The Man with the Club Foot," by Valentine Williams; "Aerobatics," by Captain A. Barber; "Campaigning in the Balkans," by Lieut. Harold Lake; "The British Fleet in the Great War," by Archibald Hurd; "Nationality and Government," by Alfred E. Zimmern; "Government and the War," by Spenser Wilkinson; "Beyond Life," by James Branch Cabell; "Poems," by Geoffrey Dearmer; "Eastern Exploration," by W. Flinders Petrie.

In September Boni & Liveright will publish: "The Hand of the Potter," by Theodore Dreiser; "Can Such Things Be?" by Ambrose Bierce; "The Path on the Rainbow," edited by George Cronyn, introduction by Mary Austin; "Face to Face with Great Musicians," by Charles D. Isaacson; "Americanized Socialism," by James MacKaye.

OUR close relations with France at the present time and the constantly increasing appreciation of the French people give a special interest to "A Short History of France" (Putnam; \$2.50 net), by Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). It is the outcome of more than thirty years' study, during which the author has published three works bearing on the subject. Her aim has been to characterize the people and their conditions at different periods, to discuss the causes of certain great changes, and to give occasional vivid glimpses of some of the principal actors in the events narrated. The four chief subdivisions of the volume are the influence of Rome after Caesar's invasion, feudalism, the centralized monarchy, and the Napoleonic era, to which latter naturally a large part of the work is devoted. To many the numerous references to Napoleon in his early career will reveal an unexpected personality. Especially interesting are the accounts of the women who bore a leading part in some of the great crises, as the little servant-girl Blandine, who was thrown to the wild beasts for her faith; the Christian shepherdess, Geneviève, now the patron saint of Paris; Joan of Arc; and Marie Antoinette. The attractive personality of Mme. Duclaux is frequently revealed in her spicy comments and in the quotations of the sayings of noted people.

AS its title indicates, "Intimate Prussia," by A. Raymond (Dutton; \$2 net), is an attempt to portray that country from the inside. The author is an English student, who, after attending various universities in central and southern Germany, determined to round off his knowledge of the Empire by a sojourn in its dominant state. Finding the Berliner a mixture of crude imitations, he deliberately selected remote Königsberg in the hope of discovering there the unadulterated Prussian. In this he was rewarded. From his coign of vantage in the home of one Herr Meyer, a railway porter, he was able to form his impressions maturely and without undue interruptions. The people he describes are types of the lower bourgeoisie "where a ruthless, mechanical system of civilization has formed a hard and highly polished shell upon a core of receptive, but still rather crude, mediæval barbarism." Fortunately the author does not dwell on those aspects of militarism with which we have already become sufficiently familiar. On the whole, the picture is fair and not unsympathetic; one may even doubt if the sincere portrayal of a similar class in any other country would be more flattering. The women fare better than the men, which is in accordance with the observation of most foreigners who know Germany well. One is left with an especially kindly feeling towards the young girls of that provincial town, for whom the romance of love and marriage is too often blighted by the materialism of social conditions. These unpretentiously written sketches have considerable human interest, and their very moderation of tone helps convince the reader of their essential truthfulness.

A NEW volume of American essays in these days when fiction and the drama are intensively cultivated at the expense of less strenuous forms of literature deserves its special meed of recognition. Mr. Christopher Morley in "Shandygaff" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.40) displays a talent so fresh, so versatile, so responsive alike to literature and to life that there is small danger of his being passed by. Rather should he be warned against the defects of his qualities. He writes with grace, with sympathy, and with humor on such varied subjects as literature, tobacco, hay fever, and landladies. He passes lightly, though not always successfully, from the genuine essay, half literary criticism, half *causerie*, which the French have almost made their own, to the nondescript product known on American newspapers as "the funny story." Mr. Morley's humor at its best is mellow and whimsical; at its worst—and this is true especially when he writes of American life—it is crude in spirit and cheap in form. The author plainly knows London and Edinburgh almost as well as he knows New York and Long Island, and his delightful comments on "The Art of Walking" from the days of Wordsworth to those of Vachel Lindsay, and on "17 Heriot Row"—where the Edinburgh agent told him that "this was the house of Lord So-and-So," and that "*incidentally*, Robert Louis Stevenson lived here once"—are born of his British experiences; while his appreciations of William McFee, Hilaire Belloc, Joseph Conrad, and Walter de la Mare also have an intimate quality that adds to their charm. Then there is the engaging tale called "A Question of Plumage," in which a poor American literary editor and an equally poor English poet, each overawed by the other's seemingly imposing position, are portrayed with poignant humor and complete understanding of both nations. The same broad humanity with pathos instead of humor is to be found in "Rhubarb" and in "Ingo,"

a touching tribute to "the simplest, happiest, gravest little lad" to be met in literature in many a day. Mr. Morley's definition of shandygaff, his "Song of Shandygaff," and his remarks on "Titles and Dedications" should be read by every uncritical reader with a robust sense of humor.

A BOOK of six hundred pages, profusely and handsomely illustrated, describing a man of no marked eminence who has been dead for twenty-seven years, may seem hardly worth while. Latrobe, however, possessed substantial merits and touched in his career so many interesting figures and events that this record by John E. Semmes, entitled "John H. B. Latrobe and His Times, 1803-1891" (Baltimore: Norman Remington Company), makes appeal. The son of an English father noted as an architect, he went from Washington, where his boyhood was spent, to West Point, standing at the head of his class. Forced by family straits to leave before graduation, he studied law and became counsel of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, a position he filled nearly to the end of his life, influencing powerfully the fortunes of the organization. He was scarcely less an engineer than a lawyer, and though his activity was mainly within the bounds of Maryland, he became connected with enterprises in distant fields both in America and Europe. He had gifts as an inventor, an artist, and as a writer. Humane and public-spirited, he succeeded Henry Clay as president of the American Colonization Society, and was always a promoter of good works in his city and State. He took part creditably in many great events, and stood in close association with many remarkable personages. His range was wide, from Davy Crockett to princes and presidents, from Choctaw councils to royal court receptions. His record is less interesting for what he himself said and did than for the events he witnessed and the men he met. Of his descriptions, always kindly and sometimes graphic, we condense the following one of Edgar A. Poe. Latrobe in 1832 had helped Poe, then just struggling into notice, by finding a publisher for "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle." The picture sharpens for us a figure which stands somewhat hazily in our literary history.

As I was seated at my desk a gentleman entered introducing

himself as the writer, thanking me for awarding in his favor. He was below the middle size and yet not a small man. His figure was remarkably good and he carried himself well. He was dressed in black, his frock coat buttoned to his throat to meet the black stock. Not a particle of white was visible. Threadbare but neat, gentleman was written all over him. His manner was easy and quiet. There was nothing obsequious in anything he said or did. His forehead was high, with great development at the temples. The expression of the face was grave, almost sad, except in animated conversation. His voice was pleasing, almost rhythmical, with words well chosen and unhesitating. I asked him if he was occupied with any literary labor, and he replied that he was engaged in a voyage to the moon. Presently, speaking in the first person, he began the voyage, describing his sensations as he left the earth and ascended higher and higher, until he reached the point where the moon's attraction overcame that of the earth, and there was a sudden *bouleversement* of the car, and great confusion among its contents. He spoke so rapidly and became so excited that when the turn upside down took place I was carried along with him as he clapped his hands and stamped his foot, and probably imagined myself his companion. He apologized for his excitability, laughing at himself. He took his leave and I never saw him again.

IN the opening paragraph of her book with that title, Winifred Kirkland tells us just what she means by "The New Death" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25 net). We are, she says, already familiar with New Thought, New Poetry, New Religion, and she would now, by an analogous use of the word "new," direct our attention to "the change of standards that is being wrought in every-day living by the present concentration upon death." This concentration upon death has, according to our author, produced a new attitude towards it, resulting largely in "an immense yearning, an unprecedented humility of both brain and heart towards all the implications of survival." She even maintains that it is in their respective philosophies of death that the Allies chiefly differ from their German foes. This idea she elaborates in a striking passage that will not be without its appeal to such as are interested in the possible spiritual implications of the present turmoil:

The Allied soldier fights because he believes war wrong, the German because he believes it right, and the essential difference between them is in their creeds of death. If death is extinction, then force is the law for a material world; if death is a portal, then kindness is the law for a spiritual world. The new world we are to construct must not . . . fail to reckon with the presence of the dead.

IN the fourth series of Mendenhall Lectures, entitled "Religion and War," Dr. William Herbert Perry Faunce (The Abingdon Press; \$1 net) considers such subjects as the religious sanction of war, the Scriptural basis of pacifism and militarism, and the probable effect of the present war on the church and on humanity. In the chapters devoted to the attitudes respectively of the Old and the New Testament towards war, the author points out that the contrast does not really lie in the fact that the Old Testament justifies war, while the New discountenances it. Both dispensations insist alike on resistance to evil. The days of the Old Testament were barbarous days, and war in its most terrible shape was the only method of resisting evil known to its people. Therefore it is not unnatural that Jehovah should have been an arch-terrorist and his devotees convinced apostles of frightfulness. The New Testament neither condemns war nor approves of it. It merely insists on resistance of evil. The essays are couched in easy, conversational style, and are much more readable than most matter of the sort.

The Nation FOUNDED 1865 Published Saturdays. Owned by THE NATION PRESS, INC. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President. B. W. TOMLINSON, Secy. and Treas. Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR. HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR. WILLIAM MACDONALD, } ASSOCIATE EDITORS. ALBERT JAY NOCK, } WILLIAM G. PRESTON, BUSINESS MANAGER. MIRIAM R. WALTER, CIRCULATION MANAGER. SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, \$5.00. Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Cable Address, Villard, New York. LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent St., S. W.; WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building; CHICAGO OFFICE: People's Gas Building.
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IF there must be "A Guide to the White Mountains," a necessity that every one who knows the region undoubtedly deplores, then M. F. Sweetser's volume (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.75 net) is most complete and admirable. A new edition has just appeared, bringing the material up to date, with good maps and detailed descriptions, and without the slightest taint of floweriness. Travellers will find it a most satisfactory pocket guide.

Drama

The Theatre in London

AT last, after many barren weeks, a play worth writing about! It is true that Mr. Arnold Bennett's comedy, "The Title," belongs rather to dramatic journalism than to dramatic literature. It does not look destiny in the face or probe the depths of character. It cannot even be taken as a very serious picture of manners. What it does is to express, with a great deal of good-humored wit, the feelings of all sensible men upon one of the minor scandals of public life—the reckless lading-out of "honors." The first-night audience received it with a jubilation such as no merely artistic success would have called forth. We all felt that our two hours of laughter had cleared the air and, in some obscure way, restored our self-respect.

Mr. Arthur Culver, Controller of Accounts, has been offered a baronetcy. His daughter, aged twenty-one, and his son, aged seventeen, are very modern young people, and threaten him with their sternest disapproval if he accepts. He himself is quite of their mind and is determined to decline the honor. But there is Mrs. Culver to be reckoned with, and Mrs. Culver has set her heart on hearing the servants call her "My Lady." The action of the play consists of nothing else but the battle that rages in the Culver household over this momentous question—a battle of many vicissitudes. It ends, of course—as the whole tone of the comedy requires—in the defeat of Culver. The device by which his defeat is brought about is rather extravagant, and somewhat discounts the conclusion. But in such a play what is done is of small account. It is what is said that matters, and the dialogue teems with lines which hit the nail on the head with delightful accuracy.

Here is a passage from a scene in the second act between Mr. and Mrs. Culver:

Mrs. Culver: I know you're wiser and stronger than me in every way. But I love that. Most women wouldn't; but I do. (*Kisses him.*) Oh, I'm so glad you've at last seen the force of my arguments about the title.

Culver (*gently warning*): Now, now! You're behaving like a journalist.

Mrs. Culver: Like a journalist?

Culver: Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough it *will* be true.

Mrs. Culver: But you do see the force of my arguments!

Culver: Quite. But I also see the force of mine, and as an impartial judge I'm bound to say that yours aren't in it with mine. . . .

Mrs. Culver: Arthur, you're playing with me!

Culver: No doubt. As a mouse plays with a cat.

Mrs. Culver: Surely it has occurred to you —

Culver: Stop! You had till four o'clock this morning to deliver all your arguments. You aren't going to begin again. I understand you've stayed in bed all day. Quite right! But if you've stayed in bed merely to think of fresh arguments while

I've been slaving away at the office for my country, I say you're taking an unfair advantage of me, and I won't have it.

Mrs. Culver (*with dignity*): No. I haven't any fresh arguments, and if I had I shouldn't say what they were.

Culver: O! Why?

Mrs. Culver: Because I see it's useless to argue with a man like you.

Culver: Now that's what I call better news from the Front.

Mrs. Culver: I was only going to say this. Surely, it has occurred to you that on patriotic grounds alone you oughtn't to refuse the title. I quite agree that honors have been degraded. Quite! The thing surely is to try and make them respectable again. And how are they ever to be respectable if respectable men refuse them?

Culver: This looks to me suspiciously like an argument.

Mrs. Culver: Not at all. It's simply a question.

Culver: Well, the answer is, I don't want honors to be respectable any more. Proverb: When fish has gone bad ten thousand decent men can't take away the stink.

The fact that such plain speaking is received with the keenest relish shows that of late there has been an extraordinary change of heart in England on this subject. I remember the day when people used to make it a serious grievance that knighthoods were never conferred on men of letters. Now Mr. John Galsworthy refuses the "distinction," and thereby retains the distinction which is inalienably his own. Scott's baronetcy was not inappropriate to a man of his feudal tastes and territorial ambitions; but how the prefix would have belittled Sir Charles Dickens, Sir William Thackeray, or Sir George Meredith!

"Literature," says one of Mr. Bennett's characters, "is always a good card to play for honors. It makes people think that Cabinet Ministers are educated."

It should be mentioned that Mr. Culver's daughter, Hildegard, is a young woman of genius, who, under the pseudonym of "Sampson Straight," has electrified London with her articles on social topics, and especially with a scathing exposure of the traffic in titles. It is rather unfortunate that she does not precisely electrify the audience, saying very little that is out of the common. One of her remarks, however, had a great success. Mr. Tranto, the editor for whom she writes, complains that the army medical authorities have placed him in an extremely low class. "How annoying for you!" says Mrs. Culver. "You might have risen to be a captain by this time." Whereupon Hildegard puts in reflectively, "No doubt, in a home unit. But if he'd gone to the front, he would still have been a second lieutenant."

The summer months have produced a fair crop of light, agreeable, insignificant plays. "The Man from Toronto," by Mr. Douglas Murray, at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a bright rehandling of very ancient material. How often have we heard of the eccentric testator who leaves his nephew a huge fortune on condition that he marries a certain lady! And how infallibly we foresee that the predestined couple will meet each other "unbeknown" and fall desperately in love! In the present instance the lady takes a leaf out of the book of Goldsmith's Miss Hardcastle, passes herself off as the pretty parlor-maid in her own house, and in that capacity ensnares the heart of her Canadian swain. Bright writing and excellent acting do something to mask the extreme conventionality of the theme.

Another successful comedy is "Nurse Benson," by Mr. R. C. Carton and Mr. J. H. McCarthy, at the Globe Theatre. A self-willed young aristocrat, Lady Gillian Dunsmore, hearing that Nurse Benson, who had been engaged to nurse a wounded hero, Captain Tibbenham, is unable to fulfil her engagement, determines, for reasons of her own, to pass

herself off as Nurse Benson and undertake the case. Her patient falls madly in love with her and pours forth to his friend Brooke Stanway a rapturous avowal of his passion for "Nurse Benson." Now Brooke Stanway and the audience have had the privilege of seeing the real Nurse Benson, a hard-featured damsel of five-and-fifty, and Stanway's bewilderment at his friend's confession is irresistibly funny. In the last act the same confusion of persons leads to another really delectable scene of misunderstanding. These two passages make the success of the play; but it is all reasonably entertaining.

At the New Theatre an adventurous syndicate produced a romantic play, said to be by two women, entitled "The Loving Heart, a Tale of Enchantments from Boccaccio." It was a rather feeble affair, founded upon the Boccaccian story of Gilette of Narbonne, which Shakespeare had already tried and found wanting, as a subject for drama, in "All's Well that Ends Well." The modern authors had docked it of its crudities and thrown in as a makeweight a second story from the Decameron—that of Ser Federigo and his falcon, familiar to readers of Longfellow and Tennyson. In spite of very beautiful mounting, by Mr. W. Bridges Adams, the piece had no chance of success, and was speedily succeeded by "The Chinese Puzzle," a play in four acts by Miss Marian Bower and Mr. Leon M. Lion. For some inexplicable reason, this production was not only acclaimed by the first-night public, but hailed by the critics as a work of extraordinary ability. It is in fact a very moderate effort in the antiquated school of Sardou. Indeed, it bears a marked resemblance to that author's "Dora," known in England as "Diplomacy." In "Dora" the wife of a young diplomatist is suspected of having stolen a state paper and conveyed it to the enemy; in "The Chinese Puzzle" the lady is not suspected, but has actually stolen (or at least photographed) the document and thereby ruined her husband's career. Everything is put right in the end through the heroic magnanimity of a Chinese mandarin who is under a deep obligation to the young man's family. The piece is interesting enough in its old-fashioned way, but is greatly overburdened with tedious subsidiary characters. It has also the disadvantage of being distinctly immoral, inasmuch as the heroine gets off scot free, in spite of having been guilty of an exceedingly mean and dishonorable action. If it is permanently successful, let no one say again that criticism is without influence; for it will be a press-made success and nothing else.

Our good old comedy theatre, the Haymarket, seems to have struck a run of ill-luck. After an amiable but insubstantial play by Mr. Alfred Sutro, entitled "Uncle Anyhow," Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie produced a comedy named "Marmaduke," by Mr. Ernest Denny, which has dropped out after a very short run. Though not a war play, it dealt with a favorite war theme—loss of memory. The newspapers publish the portrait of a man who is lying at a London hospital, having recently lost all sense of his personal identity. He is recognized as the ne'er-do-well son

of Lady Althea Gregory, and is brought home to his sorrowing family. But as a matter of fact he is not Marmaduke Gregory at all—only his double. Before the mistake is found out, through the reappearance of the real Marmaduke, the unwitting impostor has had time to fall in love with the heroine; and when memory is restored to him, he proves, of course, to be a lord. The revolt against titles is not, you perceive, universal. The story is pretty "steep" and pretty trivial to boot; but the play was pleasantly written, and, as things go, deserved a better fate. It was succeeded the other night by a production of an altogether lower order, "The Freedom of the Seas," by Mr. Walter Hackett. It will be curious to note whether the wildly enthusiastic reception accorded to this foolish play proves to be a correct indication of the taste of the great public. It is unredeemed by any good quality except an occasional touch of smartness in the dialogue. The hero, George Smith, is in the first act a solicitor's clerk. Being an absolutely inconceivable noodle, he earns, and receives, what is vulgarly termed "the boot" at a moment's notice, carrying with him the contempt of his master's daughter, to whom he has been making idiotic love. Thus eminently qualified, he obtains a commission in the Royal Navy; and we look forward with confidence to the goose turning out a swan. Mr. Hackett may say that he is not responsible for this romantic expectation on our part; but it is by no means impossible that a man wholly unfitted for a sedentary employment might prove to be a born man of action; and at all events, in a play which is one tissue of absurdities, we have a right to expect that the absurdities shall be amusing. The author, however, recognizes no such right. The noodle clerk of the first act is a noodle lieutenant in the second and third. Being left in charge of a ship on which the heroine is sailing, he abjectly fails to save her from the U-boat that appears in pursuit. Nevertheless, the heroine, after treating him with well-earned contumely until within a few minutes of the end, suddenly chops round, declares him a hero, and flings herself into the arms of the rescuer who hasn't rescued her. The first-night public seemed to take him at her valuation; whether subsequent audiences will prove equally gullible remains to be seen.

The side-show theatres have done nothing of note during the summer. The Stage Society, apparently in desperation for lack of material, produced Congreve's "The Way of the World." Now there is only one excuse for producing "The Way of the World," and that is that you have an actress of genius—another Ada Rehan—for the part of Millamant. At the Stage Society performance, Millamant was played by Miss Edyth Goodall, an able melodramatic actress (she made her chief success in "Within the Law"), but as far as possible from being an Ada Rehan. Moreover, as no actor could be found for the part of Mirabel, it was undertaken at very short notice by an amateur, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the novelist. The general result was, to put it mildly, unsatisfactory. Since then the Stage Society, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Beecham, has produced Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's music, at Drury Lane. Regarding this as a musical event, I did not go to see it. Byron—one of the great figures in English literature—was perhaps the worst dramatist of the very worst period in English drama. Only the sternest sense of duty would induce me to face his name on a playbill.

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No fifteen months in the history of the American money market have been so full of sensational developments as have the months that have elapsed since the Government issued its first Liberty Loan on June 15, 1917. Since then the Government has borrowed \$9,978,785,000 through the sale of its three issues of war bonds, besides inducing the banks to invest heavily in Treasury certificates of indebtedness. The people have taken these bonds with the utmost willingness, but since no war in history ever cost anything like as much as the \$125,000,000 a day which is being spent to carry on the present conflict, a world-wide readjustment of money-market conditions is taking place.

The United States has increased its gold balance by more than \$1,000,000,000 of foreign gold within four years. This has given us much the largest gold reserve in the world, and the Federal Reserve Board has wisely concentrated it so far as possible with the Federal Reserve Banks, where it forms the basis of our credit operations. The money market is confronted, however, with the problem of financing next month what will probably be the largest war loan yet issued in the United States. It must also provide for the record tax payments which both individuals and corporations will be exposed to on June 30 next. These payments are very likely to be double the amount of the similar payments last year, and may aggregate \$8,000,000,000. The marketing of immense crops at a price level largely in excess of anything ever witnessed before in this country has also to be provided for. With wages higher than ever and commodity prices climbing, the cost of living and of doing business is inevitably greater than ever before. These conditions, moreover, do not apply to the United States alone, but to all the belligerent countries, and for that matter to a large section of the neutral world, and they have direct bearing upon the money-market outlook.

The step just taken by J. P. Morgan & Company to make call loans against acceptances, instead of only against deposits of listed securities, will be of much benefit to the borrowing community. Were it not for the admirable arrangements by the Treasury to safeguard the money market and prevent a sensational rise in money rates, the situation might become tense. But there never was a time when the Government has coöperated more efficiently with the banking fraternity than to-day. Every one realizes that the Government must have the first call upon the country's banking-power as well as upon its man-power as long as the war lasts, and borrowers have readjusted their de-

mands to meet these conditions. The money market has stood the test well, and with the aid of the Federal Reserve system there is little doubt that the work of readjusting conditions to a peace basis will be financed successfully. The war exigencies have given us relief agencies which were never available before. American bankers have learned to "think internationally," and have prepared themselves to finance greater ventures than were thought possible in the old days of unrelated and scattered bank reserves.

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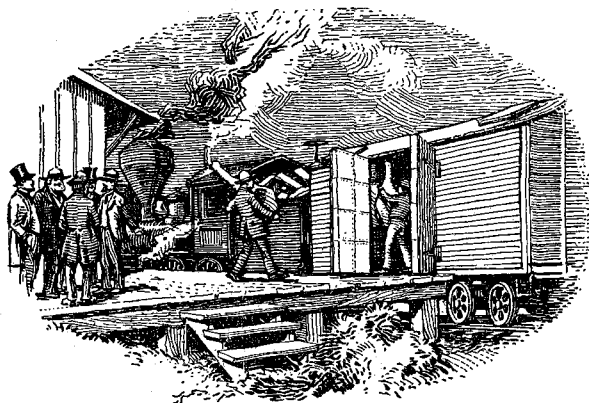
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